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Vol. CCI, No. 2624
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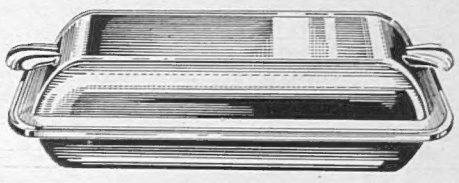

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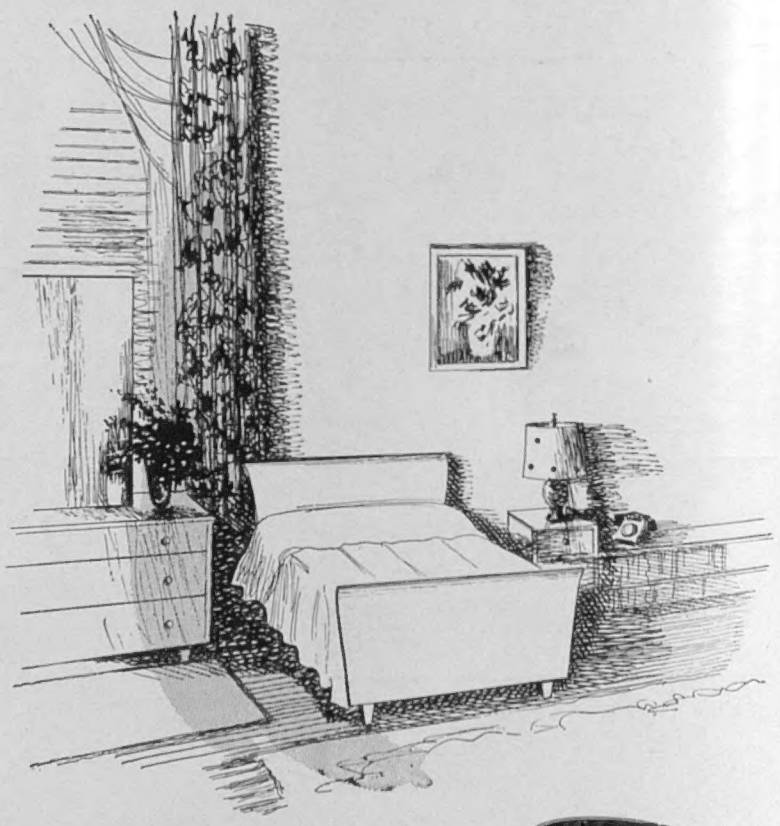

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Volume CCI No. 2624

The SPHERE, London, May 20, 1950

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE MANITOBA FLOOD DISASTER—THE WATERS OF THE RED RIVER AT WINNIPEG SPREADING FAR AND WIDE AFTER THE BURSTING OF THE DYKES: In the bend of the river are the King George, the King Edward and the Queen Elizabeth Hospitals all completely isolated

By last week-end more than 500 square miles of Southern Manitoba was under water, no fewer than ten towns being isolated in the Red River Valley. From those towns evacuees poured north to Winnipeg, only to find that the prairie city was also in the grip of the floods, the East Kildonan dyke having burst and flooded an area equal to twenty-five city blocks to a depth of 6 ft. Throughout last week-end the evacuation of Winnipeg proceeded in haste, more than 73,000 people, in addition to evacuees who passed through from the southern flood area, being taken from the city by trains which in places had to plough their way through the floodwaters. Meanwhile an air-lift was organised to bring sandbags and motor pumps to the city. One huge pump capable of dealing with 15,000,000 gallons a day was sent to Winnipeg from Ottawa on a railway flat-car. The military, with civilian co-operation, have set up special disaster committees to handle all emergencies, such as food and fuel shortages. Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, the Governor-General, flew in to Winnipeg last Sunday, where he was joined by two Ministers of the Federal Government charged with organising relief measures in this national emergency

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

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Dean Acheson Has a Try.—

Mr. Dean Acheson gave a clear preview of business to be (and now being) done by the Foreign Ministers of the N.A.T. States. He said (what we know) that nothing will be done without major sacrifices of "nationalism" by his own and the other countries. It rather looks as if something more in that line may be done. We will not go so far as poor Mr. Perrin and say: "It *shall* be all right this term." We have had words in plenty, words dropped at dinners, at conference tables, in Parliament. And nobody seems a penny the better. Yet advances of a material kind have come, and none more electric than the change now apparent in France's attitude towards Germany's place in the comity of Western European nations. Such a change of mind would have been unthinkable three or four years ago. And from the very start of this final effort for peace, it is comforting to remember that Western Democracy accepted the principle that "not by Eastern windows only, when daylight comes, comes in the light." The Eastern windows are as obstinately curtained as ever they were. We must in fairness accept it that individual and national self-interest cannot be lumped together as mere, crude selfishness. A selfish individual is thinking for one. A head of a democratic State is thinking for anything up to 100,000,000 individuals, none of them cast in the same mould. The sacrifice of nationalism cannot be achieved with the rapidity of St. Paul's conversion. A sign, a gesture, extracted after five years' hard labour, is, in the case of nations, a swift conversion, an important milestone. If time were plenty and on our side, we could look with confidence at the progress of stabilising a divided Europe. Alas! there is division within divisions. The cold war and the Iron Curtain are the bogeys which outrun time and cry out for miracles of sacrifice and for lightning conversions.

The Year of Decision.—

The prayers of this nation and of civilisation should be centred and canalised heavenward for the success of M. Lie in his Moscow mission. He said that the cold war had reached its *ne plus ultra*. Somehow it must be ended, and the hard road to peace be trodden again. That road still bears the queer old signpost "United Nations." I do not doubt that this is (as M. Lie said) a year of decision. The whole world has conspired to forget and to shun realities and to spend the last precious hours quarrelling over political irrelevancies and ideologies. That mission may prove futile. Stalin may be proof against persuasion, "though one rose from the dead" (and dead the U.N. are for practical purposes). But the effort is vital, none the less. Mr. Hoffman also has added his note of warning: "E.C.A. must be wound up on schedule. The U.S. is definitely *through* with financial and economic aid to Britain and France by 1952. Not a dollar can be expected after that." We are near the middle of 1950. If we and France do not make the next twelve months a year of decision and of realities, Reality will stalk in as cheerless as Hamlet's father's ghost. If M. Lie's courageous effort fails, if the Western great Powers spend the next twelve months hoping against hope that their threadbare caps will still hold some U.S. coppers in 1952, I think the year 1952 will be an even more decisive year for England, France and Civilisation (as it used to be called with reasonable accuracy). The sooner the year of decision comes, the better for us all.

The People Want Peace.—

The people want peace all over the world. It is an aspiration which their ancestors have held since Adam. They haven't got it yet and they go a queer way about it. Even in orderly England they slavishly take their cue from the thugs and slugs, black, brown, yellow and off-white, who demonstrate and snipe in Far and Near Eastern regions, in Balkan States and other plague spots.

QUEEN MARY AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR—HER MAJESTY EXAMINING SAMPLES OF CHRISTMAS CARDS AS SHE NEARED THE END OF HER TOUR, THE LAST PART OF WHICH SHE COMPLETED IN A WHEELED CHAIR: Queen Mary has always been the Fair's most enthusiastic patron, and she has missed it only once during all the years it has been staged. During her three hours at the Fair, Queen Mary, who will be eighty-three next Friday, walked for all but the last half-hour. The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Margaret, also toured the Fair, accompanied by Mr. Harold Wilson

There were uglier-than-usual scenes in May Day (so-called) demonstrations in the centre of London and the East End. Sir Oswald bobbed up to be booed and saluted; carrots and whips for a dead donkey. There were ugly scenes and many ugly specimens of humanity (of both sexes) round the Cenotaph, and the wreaths were kicked about and "many arrests made." Most of the arrested men were young workers and students enjoying a quiet day of rest. They shouted for peace and the end of war as they kicked policemen on the shins; and (need I say) as usual "the police were wonderful." According to one account, "They were just enjoying themselves like an ill-mannered football crowd, the old ones egging on the younger." The banner over them was Peace and they behaved like blue-bottomed baboons. What peace, so long as the whoredoms of this rag-tag democracy of ours continue? Peace starts in the home and radiates out till it embraces civilisation. Peace and happiness begin to grow when the individual begins to discipline his mind. At the moment, civilisation is controlled by a herd of monkeys quarrelling over rotten nuts, and the results are neither edifying nor satisfying. There is much to be said for a wise dictatorship, not by a Stalin, not by a Mosley, but by a man of common sense and courage who is not terrified by the hollow turnip and night-light which is our scarecrow democracy.

Juvenile Crime and Psychology.—

The subject is too serious for the mildest jest. Otherwise it would be tempting to quote Gilbert after reading Mr. Stott's (psychologist of Redhill) report on a four-year study of "approved school" youth. The cinema is not to blame. It is healthy recreation for the young. The 100 "cases" studied were likeable and anything but persistent criminals. That, broadly, we can accept. The best type of all is the "regular housebreaker"; a "model son, saving his pocket-money and giving it to his mother." ("When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling . . .") No. The home is the sole cause and cradle of juvenile crime. The lads turn to crime because home life is intolerable, as an act of spite against their parents, to get away from home, from anxiety lest one or other parent should desert the home. These causes cover the lot. But surely they contradict each other. The effects of the war and lowering of moral standards, these fancied contributories are negligible. It is life with father or mother which is unbearable. Solomon was not a psychologist and he put the solution more bluntly, more tersely, less sympathetically. The jargon of the new psychology is new and strange to me also. We should be dolts indeed to call it nonsense, but some of the psychiatrist's reports on convicted men and boys are so worded as to leave me with a sneaking sympathy for Solomon's old specific. The "complex" jargon is sometimes more than I can stand, much more than I can understand. A happy and decent home life is the greatest inheritance which parents can leave their children. That I accept as gospel. And I cannot forget that thousands on thousands of young people have kept the faith, kept straight, risen to the top, even secured a niche in history, after miserable or unhappy childhoods, and I cannot neglect the experience of many years in the Courthouse that 99 out of 100 defendants, whatever the "complex" or urge or kink which makes them in psychiatrists' eyes invalids and not criminals, are perfectly aware that they are doing wrong. And if there be *mens rea*, there is justification for punishment as well as for cure and prevention. If only these psychologists would not overstate their case, if only our official and sentimental reactions could be controlled in scope. But no; when the reaction comes, we must swing the complete arc, and to-day the medico sits in the seat of the Chief Justice and crime is the fashionable disease of the day.

R.A. Banquet—a Palinode.

—A week or two ago, I referred to the dullness of some of the speeches at this year's R.A. Banquet. And among them (and by far the longest) was that of the Headmaster of Eton, on an important theme with which he was well qualified to deal. It appears that many present at the banquet, as well as many wireless listeners, fretted over this speech which preceded Mr. Churchill's. But the facts acquit Mr. Birley, who was the victim of circumstance. Broadcast banquet speeches must be timed to a second. The President allotted eight minutes or so to every speaker, from the Premier downwards, save only to Mr. Birley, the matter of whose address he considered of prime importance—education in the arts. Mr. Birley had but a few hours in which to pad out his speech to twenty-one minutes, having prepared himself for a much shorter discourse. Hence that inescapable sense of "stop-and-go" and extemporisation-to-plan. And I am afraid that the habit of broadcasting after-dinner speeches has killed the only feature which makes them bearable—their *informality*. When they are timed to a second, they become like dough stamped-out-to-shape for biscuits and no originality or chance of surprise can survive. A good argument for not broadcasting the proceedings of Parliament which already has abandoned much of the art of oratory.

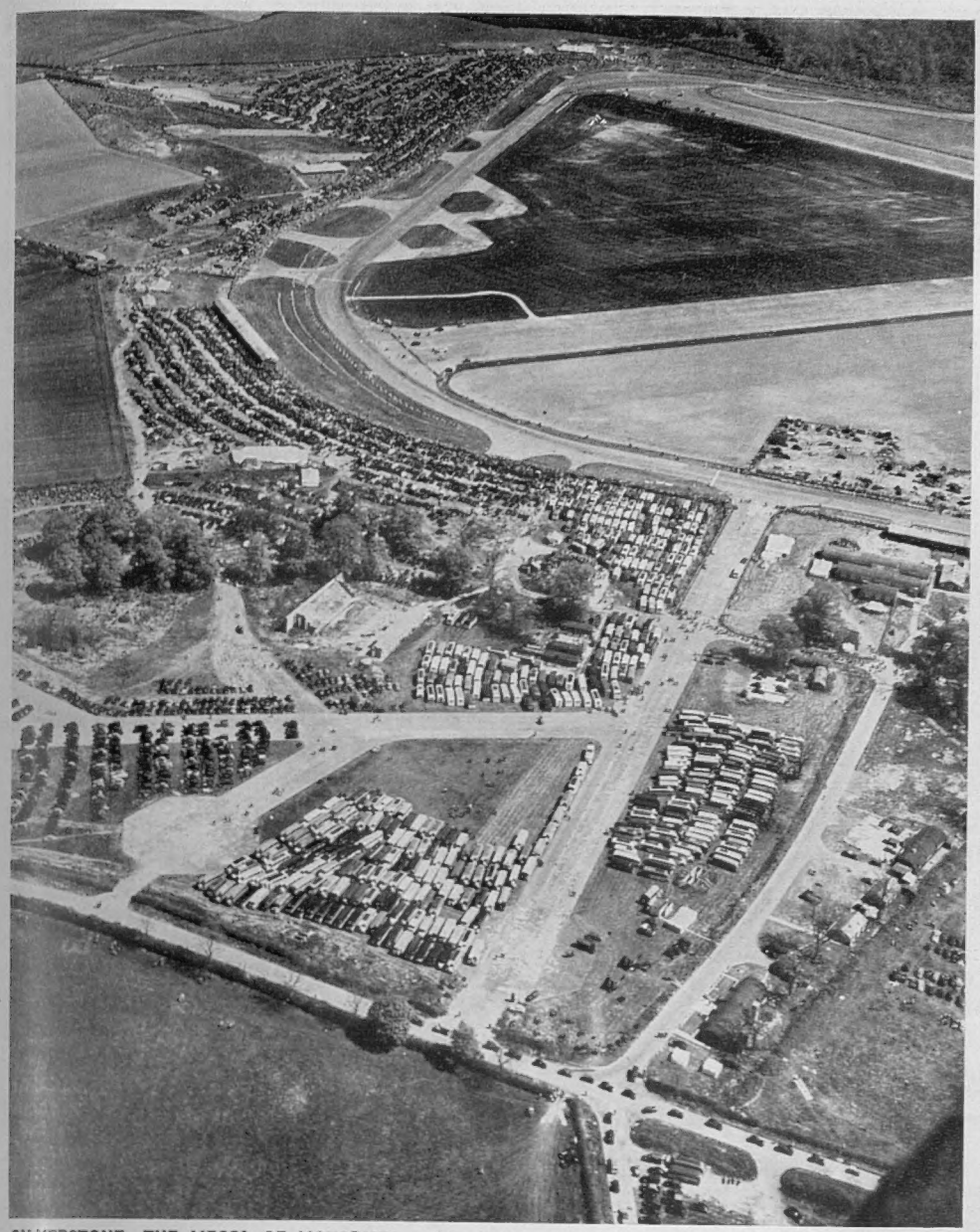
Tobermory.—

The Navy has done its bit and packed up. It has uncovered the wreck of the Treasure Ship and brought up "visual proofs." It has drunk a toast, spliced the mainbrace and signalled to MacCallum More to go in and win. The doubloons are there for the picking up. It is just a question of a shovel and a sack. "£30,000,000 of our money lie open," according to one rosy accountant. But . . . if it be but £300,000 of our money which that old ship once held, the total dividend on that capital earned over the past 300 years would not make one Argyllshire crofter rich. What the sea has held for three centuries, the sea is reluctant to yield up in full, and a rusty gun of doubtful vintage and two tin medallions or so are a poor return on so much high hope and endeavour spread over the centuries. I don't think the Duke will reap the envy of Sir Stafford over this business. If he finds the doubloons, despite his inherited "rights," he will have to "gross them up" and share with the Exchequer not even fifty-fifty. And if he doesn't, he will have a little bill to pay for some very trifling (to date) museum pieces. Anyway, he has declared that his interest in the affair is antiquarian. He would rather bring up the hulk than all its gold contents. But *Treasure Island* is a classic which never fails of readers, and this search for Flint's treasure will be a news-story of perennial interest.

THE OLD STAGER

ALL ROADS LED TO SILVERSTONE

And the Race for the Grand Prix d'Europe



SILVERSTONE, THE MECCA OF MOTORISTS : This aerial view shows the thronged car parks during last Saturday's big race events on the 2½-mile circuit. Roads for miles around were jammed with traffic before and after the day's racing, and many spectators had to wait for hours before getting clear of the area

The Italian Alfa Romeos scored a spectacular triumph in the Grand Prix d'Europe on the Silverstone Circuit last Saturday, the King and Queen and 100,000 spectators watching them as they outclassed all their rivals. Before the start the King and Queen drove round the thronged course in an open landaulette, spoke to the drivers in the pits, and watched the race not only from the stand but from various points of vantage on the 2½-mile circuit. During the afternoon Raymond Mays drove the B.R.M. round the course to show the public this 16-cylinder car which has cost £200,000 to build, and to which 100 British motor manufacturers have contributed. It is hoped that the B.R.M. will compete in August at Silverstone against the powerful Alfa Romeos and the Ferraris.

THE ROYAL FAMILY SEE THE GRAND PRIX : The King and Queen with Princess Margaret, Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten and Lady Mountbatten on their stand at Silverstone, where they saw the race for the Grand Prix d'Europe, organised by the Royal Automobile Club

CORNERING AT SPEED IN THE 500-C.C. RACE : Wing-Commander F. Aikens, driving an Iota, leading Stirling Moss, who drove a Cooper, in the final of this event run over ten laps. Moss's engine blew up when in sight of the finishing line, and Aikens swept by to a lucky win

THE RACE FOR THE GRAND PRIX D'EUROPE : *Left*—Cars speeding past the grandstand on the first lap. The leaders all averaged over 90 m.p.h. throughout the race. *Right*—The crack Italian driver Farina being flagged in as he drove past the finishing line in his Alfa Romeo after completing seventy laps at an average speed of 90·95 m.p.h. Fagioli, also in an Alfa Romeo, was only ten seconds behind him, and the British driver R. Parnell, who was third, made it a triple success for the Italian State-subsidised Marshal-aided Alfa Romeos. The fourth Alfa Romeo driver was J. Fangio, the Argentinian's ace, who had to retire after 62 laps owing to a broken oil-pipe

BURMA
ROLL of HONOUR
AN ABBEY SERVICE FOR THOSE WHO DIED IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST JAPAN

The Japanese invasion of Burma in 1941, the fighting retreat and the subsequent magnificent recovery of the British and Allied armies, was one of the great events of the Pacific War, although the significance of all that was happening was not fully realised at the time, and there was much talk in England of the Forgotten Army. It was probably Wingate's 1,000-mile trek that first caught the imagination of the world, when the Chindit leader, destroying, fighting and obstructing behind the enemy lines, showed that the Japanese could be beaten in these Burmese jungles. Needless to say, morale was raised sky-high, and the forgotten army became by degrees a well-forged weapon, which, under the overall command of Mountbatten, resisted in 1944 when the tide of Japanese invasion swept up to the Imphal Plain and against the bastion of Kohima. After the British defensive success of June 1944 came the year of victory and the march of 1,000 miles to the gates of Rangoon, which was captured in May 1945.

Now five years later the heroism of those days is once again remembered, and it was fitting that Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia, should have been present last week at Westminster Abbey at the service commemorating the 10,693 British men and women who perished in Burma in the Second World War. In the words of the Dean of Westminster, the service was to honour "those who fought against a determined and ruthless foe in conditions of supreme difficulty."

AFTER THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY SERVICE IN HONOUR OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE BURMA CAMPAIGN IN THE SECOND GREAT WAR: Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma with Mr. Anthony Eden, and Viscount Hall, First Lord of the Admiralty, with Lady Mountbatten, following the commemoration. It was just over five years ago that troops of the Fourteenth Army reached Rangoon a day ahead of the rains, and thus rounded off a brilliant campaign

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER WITH VICE-ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN AND LADY MOUNTBATTEN: During the Abbey service, Earl Mountbatten had handed the Dean a memorial book containing the names of 10,693 British men and women who died in the war in Burma. This book will be kept at Westminster until the War Memorial Chapel in Rangoon Cathedral is ready

THE PRIME MINISTER OF BURMA AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Thakin Nu arriving with his wife for the Commemoration Service. Also present were the widow of Aung San, the Burmese Prime Minister who was assassinated in July 1947, and Dr. West, Bishop of Rangoon

THE JET THAT WON THE 1,000 KILOMETRES CLOSED CIRCUIT INTERNATIONAL SPEED RECORD AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 510·925 M.P.H. : The Meteor VIII single-seater jet-fighter taking off from Moreton Valence Aerodrome, Gloucestershire, before covering in 72 minutes the 625-miles course from Morton Valence to a turning-point 1½ miles north of Fife Ness and back. The flight was a triumph for Squadron-Leader James Cooksey, a Gloster test pilot, for however good the visibility it is no easy task to fly and at the same time navigate a 650-m.p.h. jet fighter single-handed. The old record was 745·079 kilometres an hour (about 464 m.p.h.), set up in June 1946 by Lieutenant Henry A. Johnson, of the United States Air Force, in a Lockheed P.80 jet fighter. The achievement is all the more meritorious since the aircraft was a completely standard Meteor VIII picked at random from the production line

COOKSEY CLIMBS INTO HIS JET : The pilot before taking-off on his flight. Only 21 mins. 20 secs. after leaving Gloucestershire the pilot announced over the radio that he could see the Firth of Forth

A JET GOES ROUND A BALLOON GOES UP

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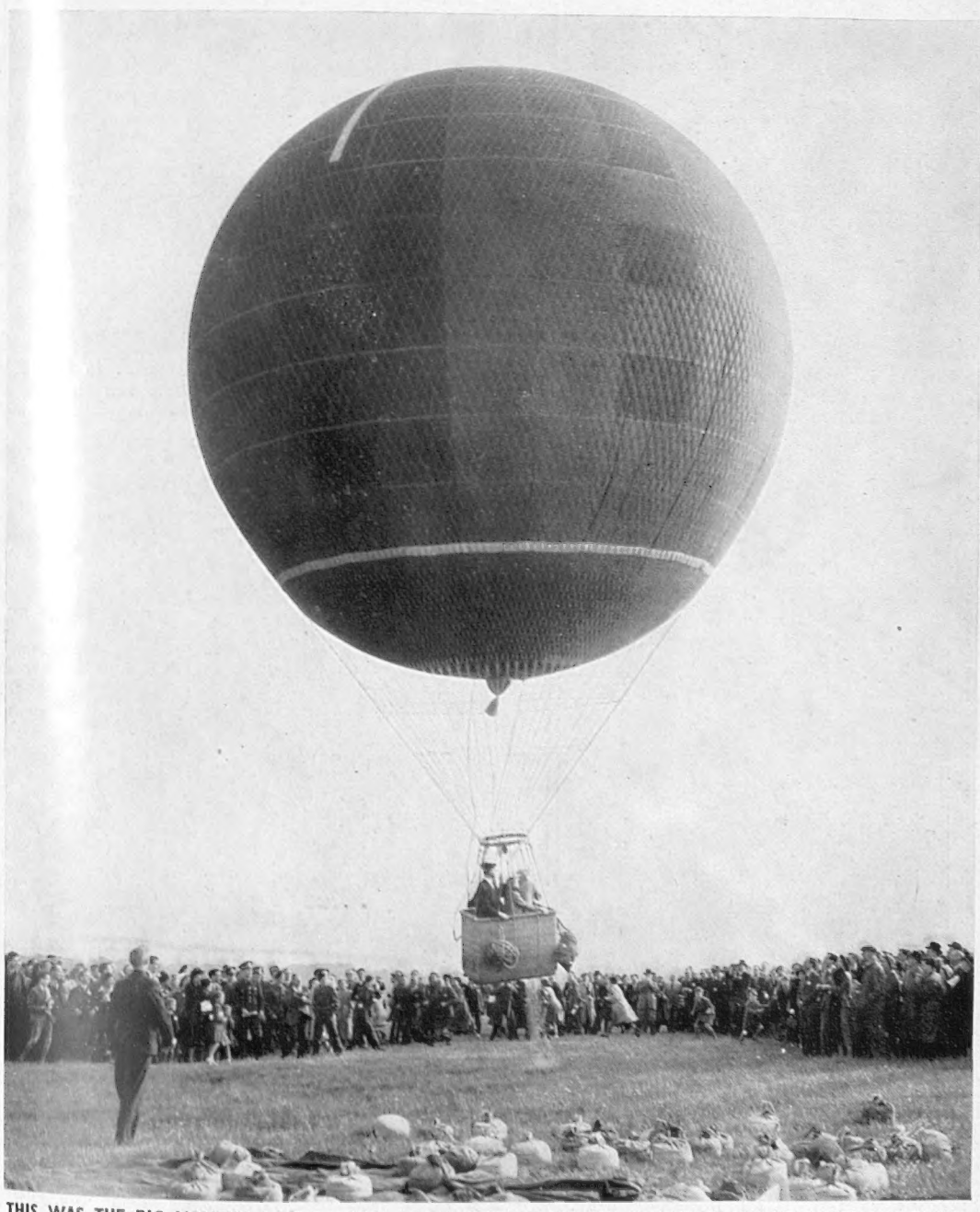


THIS WAS THE BIG MOMENT AT THE ROYAL AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY'S GARDEN PARTY AT WHITE WALTHAM : The free balloon leaving the ground at the start of its forty-minute flight of twenty miles which ended in a field near Reading. In charge of the balloon was Mr. Charles Dollfuss, an aeronaut who has made 295 ascents since he started ballooning in 1910. His passengers were Mrs. Winifred Pritchard, wife of Captain J. D. Pritchard, of the Royal Aeronautical Society, Mr. Peter Masefield, Chief Executive of British European Airways Corporation, and Mr. Charles E. Brown, the well-known photographer of aerial subjects. Mrs. Pritchard is believed to be the first woman to make a balloon ascent in Britain since 1914. At 1,000 ft. above White Waltham she leaned from the basket and waved to the crowds below. The subsequent descent south of Reading was made without mishap

ASCENT OF THE AERONAUTS : Mrs. Winifred Pritchard, Mr. Charles Dollfuss, who commanded the aircraft, Mr. Charles E. Brown, the photographer, and Mr. Masefield, of British European Airways, setting out from White Waltham

THE COMMANDOS GO ASHORE ON THE CLIFFS OF DEVON : The first party is making a landing from an assault craft as a prelude to climbing the cliffs in the Bolt Tail area and establishing a bridgehead. The Royal Marines are from the Commando School at Bickleigh, Devon. During the exercise spectators saw the use of rocket-propelled ropes and ladders, the metnod of supply, and evacuation methods in such terrain. Among those who witnessed the demonstration was Lieut.-General Sir Leslie Hollis, Commandant General Royal Marines, and representatives from Combined Operations headquarters. The Commandos from the Bickleigh School are to demonstrate a raid against an enemy coastline at the Royal Tournament which will be held at Olympia in June

MARINE COMMANDOS LAND IN DEVON

Rehearsing Landings on a Rock-Bound Shore

WATCHING THE COMMANDO ASSAULT FROM A CLIFFSIDE PATH : Major-General Leech Porter seen with officers of the Royal Marine Commandos on the cliffs above the rocky Devon coast

SAFELY ASHORE, THE COMMANDOS ADVANCE TO ESTABLISH THEIR BRIDGEHEAD : Royal Marines climbing the slopes in the neighbourhood of Salcombe after making their landing on the Devon coast. The first men to land had laid a rope up the cliffside for the benefit of those who followed them in

THE QUEEN AT MIDDLE TEMPLE

AND OTHER ROYAL OCCASIONS RECORDED IN PICTURES

THE GRAND DAY DINNER IN MIDDLE TEMPLE : The Queen, ex-Treasurer of the Middle Temple, sat in the centre of the High Table and on her immediate right was Mr. Dean Acheson, the United States Secretary of State, and the Earl of Athlone, Queen Mary's brother. On her left were Sir Henry MacGeagh, K.C. (the Master Treasurer), and Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery. After the King's health had been proposed at the conclusion of the dinner the Treasurer proposed a special toast to the ex-Treasurer. The Loving Cup was then presented to the Queen, and when she had drunk from it the cup was circulated round the dais and the body of the hall. After dinner the Rose Water Bowl circulated as in ancient days, and "grace after meat" was read

THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET VISIT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR : The Royal Party arriving at Earl's Court before the start of their tour, which lasted two and a half hours, spending a great deal of time in the Commonwealth section. They were accompanied by Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. A. J. Bottomley, Secretary for Overseas Trade. During the afternoon the King and Queen talked with American officials of the Economic Co-operation Administration Mission

TOURING THE PAKISTANIAN STAND AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR : The Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent seen during their visit to the industrial display in company with other members of the Royal Family

PRINCESS ELIZABETH RETURNS FROM HER STAY IN MALTA : The Princess seen with Princess Margaret and Sir John d'Albiac at London Airport following her arrival in a Viking of the King's Flight. So threatening was the weather over France that the Princess's plane had turned back for Nice on the previous day, and she spent the night at the French resort. All Princess Elizabeth's engagements have been cancelled for the summer

GERMAN HUNGER FOR THE OUTSIDE WORLD

A New Aspect of an Age-old Longing

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT may not appear to be exactly the right moment in which to examine the prospects of further benefits, or relaxings of the rules, touching West Germany and its population. In effect, signs have not been lacking that the three Western Powers are being rushed by a rather heavy German hand.

This was perhaps at its heaviest when Chancellor Adenauer claimed in writing the right to any assets of the former German Reich abroad : claim which was met by a polite inquiry as to whether the West German Federal Government also considers itself the successor to the obligations of the former German Reich.

Gone the "finessing" of a Stresemann—that adroit expression of statecraft by which a beery, cheery Berliner, presenting himself as a *fin gourmet*, ate, drank and pulled wool over Western perceptivity, the while he advanced crabwise but surely to his goal of a prematurely evacuated Rhineland, springboard of policy to come.

An Adenauer may have felt that no repetition was possible of anything like a Thoiry luncheon, 1926, that summit of "finessing," when Briand was reassured at an inn high above Geneva. At all events, the Adenauer method differs from that of the late Gustav. In room of "finessing," the aged and ascetic Rhinelander of the steely composition believes in asserting an apparently sincere attraction to the West, one day, and charging into it like an old cart-horse the next.

This (it is understood) Dr. Adenauer has to do in order to demonstrate to his Germans that he is not giving anything away, not falling for snares habitually laid by victors. If his were an even and continuous attraction to the West, they 'd say he was being diddled.

Meanwhile, we are the witnesses of a rising German nationalism, for long a certainty in view of the bidding for Germans by the two cold-war camps, and whose most striking manifestations, so far, have perhaps been the re-creation of the Steel Helmets with exactly the same mission as in 1919, and appointments to the renascent foreign service.

At the head of this is Dr. Theodor Kordt, who used to be von Ribbentrop's right-hand man in London before the war. The Herr Doktor is chiefly engaged just now in instructing young Germans at a newly-opened school for diplomats in the French Zone. The need of this is understandable when we bear in mind that between now and November, rising to a climax during the July European Assembly at Strasbourg, Bonn wages a sustained campaign to win back sovereignty in foreign affairs.

If they are to be part of the West, the West Germans are claiming the same rights and privileges that the Western peoples enjoy.

A trifle precipitate ? Very much so ! But events have precipitated such an attitude, and in the van is the demand for free access to the outside world for commerce and shipping.

First to retread the world without, bearing those letters of mark which betoken official recognition, is Dr. Hans Schlange-Schoeningen, Consul-General in London, and he and his staff will be much taken up with such matters. A German merchant fleet is coming along at top speed, mostly composed of second-hand cargo-boats of from 6,000 to 8,000 tons.

Another job for Dr. Hans will be the issuing of regular German passports to Germans living in Britain. Like all Germans abroad, these people have had only temporary identity documents. As other Consuls-General are appointed, this business of issuing new passports will be appreciated at its true significance.

No fewer than 60,000 Germans are said to await the official restoration of their nationality in Switzerland alone. And think of the great number of Germans who saw the war through overseas, and who likewise wait for their identities to be sanctioned anew. Assuming that the present state of hot peace doesn't degenerate into blind killing, we are on the threshold of a new Germany in the world at large.

This industrious people wants to compete by means of their fine products, and to send settlers overseas. The one sure way to drive them into the lap of Ivan is to deny them both desires ; but of course that will not be done. Rather is it a matter for delicately adjusting what the present possessor nations are prepared to give, grant, or forgo, so as to enable Germans once more to satisfy their hunger for the outside world.

In reconsidering German emigration, it seems to me that two factors dominate the situation. The first is that the Germans have a more warranted case now than ever they had before ; and the second is that no surer way lies open to the West, to win Germans to its side, than to open to them the routes to the outside world—a thing the Russians are in no position to do in anything like the same way.

This is where we can take—not steal—a march on the Russians. In proof of which assertion, look at all they can offer . . . to take back Volksdeutsch behind the Iron Curtain. Remember Volksdeutsch, Hitler's name for the German minorities living mostly in Central Europe, that he insisted on roping in ? Very many opted to go back to Germany in 1945, or were driven there. Now Russia's satellites are inviting them back, even from West Germany.

If Germans always did have a hunger for the world without (it used to be called "looking out of the Hamburg window"), ten years and more of being bottled up, and such years, and finding themselves in a brand of highly explosive no-man's land at their close, have whetted the German appetite for travel as never before. I recollect discussing emigration in 1945 and '46, when Germans still "had their hair down" in the occupied zones. They were keen enough then, but think what has happened since !

In Western Germany, there are 8,500,000 refugees, one in five of all its present inhabitants a newcomer (the figures are Dr. Adenauer's). They are mostly Germans arriving from the East at the rate of 30,000 a month. The Russians are obviously doing it on purpose in order to pile up a bitter multitude west of the Curtain, which might be trimmed into a United Refugee Party and be a potent force for any form of extremism.

The challenge is to the West to come to some understanding with Western Germans, now that most of the Displaced Persons who can settle abroad have been taken in hand, and the turn of the Germans themselves has arrived.

Viewed from the standpoint of congested, menaced West Germany, emigration is a further addition to the colossal problems of the day, one requiring to be met on the same heroic lines along which a President Truman would succour the backward areas under Point 4. With emigration, ships, primal needs and work at the receiving end are what 's wanted. Is man sufficiently intelligent to organise them, and so stand a better chance of surviving this present age ?

Dr. Adenauer on emigration is in part like listening to a British Minister : "I hope the door will be open to suitable German families and not merely unmarried young men. The proportion of young Germans between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five is catastrophically low, so that the burden of the social services placed upon the shoulders of productive workers is too great, and our birth-rate is very low. The loss of any substantial number of single young men would result in a disproportionate burden for Germany in the years to come. This is one reason why it is in Germany's interest to be free of military service."

The Chancellor will doubtless in due course be made to realise that if others are willing to aid his emigration schemes, they are doing so principally to be rid of a German peril in their immediate vicinity, and that they do not propose to be jockeyed into nourishing a dominant Germany at their doors as well as a forceful Germany, ever a risk, overseas.

A start is to be given to serious German emigration if Congress agrees to some 110,000 ethnic Germans being admitted to the United States, together with 20,000 West European orphans. Even if the window be opened only thus relatively slightly, it will give hope, send up morale, provide something to look forward to.

Hope comes from other corners, as from Australia, which may establish big German firms, and South Africa, where Dr. Malan courts German settlers.

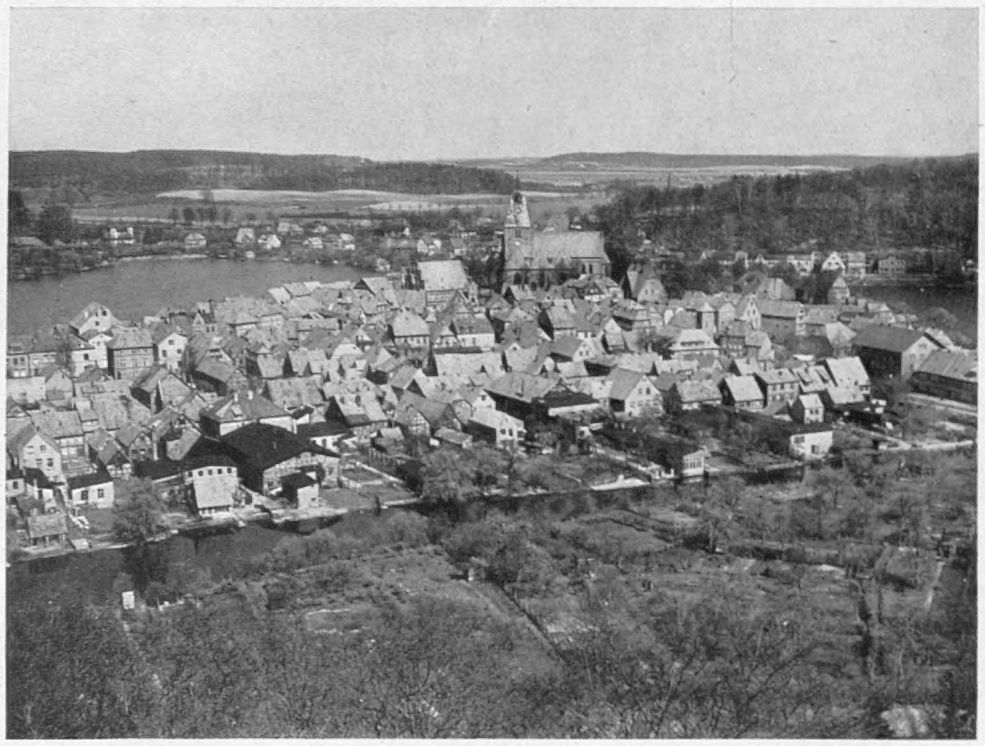
During the Hitler decade Germans had a strange way of gratifying their liking for the outside world. It is meet that we keep it well in mind. The Nazi *Heimat* forced Germans all over the world into militant nests of nationalism. Lots of them "didn't want to do it," but pressures of a kind with which we have since become even more familiar in cold war were brought to bear.

The whole business of burrowing with a view to world dominion reached its zenith with the Nazi appointment of a head of the world-wide organisation "Germans Abroad." That this condition of things has not wholly subsided is demonstrated by the story of "The Bridge," a Nazi-minded review printed at Florianopolis, Brazil, with mission of "awakening Germans throughout the world." The much-boosted Skorzeny has contributed, also Canada's Otto Strasser, and others of like kidney.

In Rhine Westphalia, "The Bridge" is represented by an ex-major, who organises visits by German youth leaders to neighbouring countries, whence some make their way onwards to the Americas. France has notably been used as transit country.

There has been a steady trickle of Germans out of Germany ever since 1945. Some have gone by Sweden, others by Rome. The Argentine—with special reference to Rosario and Cordoba—has been the magnet for most. But Germans have found their way to Beirut and the Near East (ever a favourite with the race), while others have joined the Foreign Legion with a view to deserting when they get overseas.

Such Germans have linked up with German "colonies" overseas, which never were extinguished. Well, that has been back-door stuff. Now the front door again. If the Germans have learnt nothing, as to conducting themselves (though I 'm convinced they have), then it 's up to those who are relifting the latch to take certain obvious precautions learnt from the lessons of the 1930's. As just one example, there should be a heavy crack-down on German "vereins" of all kinds—clubs and associations—when the new German emigration gets under way.



THE NORTH-GERMAN TOWN OF MOELLN COMMEMORATES THE DEATH OF TILL EULENSPIEGEL : Celebrations were recently held in this typical old Brunswick town when one of the townspeople re-enacted the role of Till Eulenspiegel, the fourteenth-century practical joker who became known for his antics throughout Europe. In inaugurating the celebrations the Mayor of Moelln declared : "What we lack at present is humour"

TILL EULENSPIEGEL DISTRIBUTES ROAST MEAT IN MOELLN : A townsman of Moelln impersonating the famous German character at the recent celebrations. Till Eulenspiegel's story was widely popular in England at one time, and he provided the theme for an epic novel by the Flemish writer de Coster, also the basis for a symphonic poem by Richard Strauss

SMOKE RISING FROM THE RUINS OF RIMOUSKI AFTER THE GREAT FIRE HAD SWEPT THROUGH THE TOWN, RENDERING 2,000 PEOPLE HOMELESS OUT OF A POPULATION OF 15,000 : Rimouski, an industrial town lying 185 miles north-east of Quebec, became involved in this disastrous fire after a power line had been torn from its moorings in a gale. The flames were fanned by winds of gale force. They have devoured about 800 houses. The damage to property is estimated at £4,000,000

THE TRAGEDY OF RIMOUSKI

FIRE RAZES HALF A QUEBEC INDUSTRIAL TOWN

Rimouski, standing at the confluence of the Rimouski River with the St. Lawrence, to-day lies half in ruins. The tragedy which overtook the town all but engulfed every building, but for a providential change in the wind when the flames were at their fiercest. The fire started in freezing weather following the blowing down of a power line in a lumber yard, and when the flames leapt the Rimouski River it was not long before they swept through St. Germain and St. Therese Streets. Rimouski Cathedral caught fire, as also did the home of Sir Eugene Fiset, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec; and many public buildings, hundreds of stores and homes were likewise overwhelmed during the thirty hours that the fire raged. 1,000 people left the town by train, bus and car, and some trekked the 20 miles to the nearby town of Mont Joli. The Canadian Army, at the Government's behest, swiftly came to the rescue, bringing tents, food and medical supplies for the homeless.

WALKING THROUGH THE DEVASTATED TOWN : Citizens in a burnt-out quarter of Rimouski. Eight deaths were reported, the dead including four children who were drowned in the Rimouski River as flames swept across from the opposite shore

SALVAGING CANNED FOOD FROM A WRECKED GROCERY WAREHOUSE IN RIMOUSKI : Volunteer workers carrying out packages which were used to provide a measure of relief for the homeless who had still remained in the town. Later relief supplies were taken into the town by an air-lift speedily organised from Quebec

ONE OF THE GUTTED BUILDINGS IN THE "DOWNTOWN" SECTION : The fire blazed throughout a whole night. The technical school, a hospital, a convent, two hotels, a theatre and a group of shops were among the buildings destroyed

THE BIG THREE FORGATHER IN LONDON

THE VISIT OF MR. DEAN ACHESON AND M. SCHUMAN

America's Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, seeking to formulate a strong Western policy, came to Europe last week and, after bilateral talks in Paris with M. Robert Schuman, he flew to London for the Three-Power Conference at Lancaster House. While he took with him on his mission the unbounding goodwill of his President, who, indeed, resorted to every measure in support of his colleague, Mr. Dean Acheson left behind him in Washington a far from happy situation, for there he has been subjected to the multiple allegations of Senator McCarthy and all those who indicate that the State Department is "a den of Fifth Columnists." However, once in Europe Mr. Acheson was received with open arms, and in London the Big Three explored the whole tangled field of international affairs. Dominating nearly every meeting, was the French proposal for Franco-German steel and coal control. It was probably the most momentous suggestion since Mr. Marshall delivered his Harvard speech, and the fact that Germany is the first nation invited to take part in the pooling of basic means of production obviously constitutes a bold attempt to solve the age-old Franco-German problem. As Mr. Attlee said in Parliament last week, the French proposals clearly facilitate the process of promoting the entry of Germany as a free member into the comity of the European nations. At the time of writing, the full implications of the French proposals may not be fully understood, and until Mr. Attlee made his speech in the House of Commons there was an impression that M. Schuman's plan had been rather coolly received in London. The American reaction to the plan was on the whole enthusiastic, and was perhaps best expressed by Mr. Walter Lippmann's comment that "This is a bus we cannot afford to miss"

THE PRIME MINISTER GREETS THE UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF STATE: Mr. Attlee with Mr. Dean Acheson at the Pilgrims Dinner at the Savoy Hotel in London, where the latter delivered the key-note speech, outlining some of the problems now facing the Foreign Ministers of the Atlantic Treaty States. *On right*—Mr. Acheson, Sir Campbell Stuart, President of the Pilgrims, and Mr. Lewis Douglas

FORMULATING A STRONG WESTERN POLICY—THE THREE-POWER ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE BEGINS AT LANCASTER HOUSE: On the left Mr. Dean Acheson, the United States Secretary of State, is seen with his advisers, Mr. Lewis Douglas, the American Ambassador, being on his right hand. Mr. Ernest Bevin is seen in the background towards the right. The French delegates, headed by Foreign Minister Schuman, were in the foreground, and are not seen in this picture. Mr. Dean Acheson and Mr. Bevin had a series of bilateral talks before the start of the Three-Power Conference, as also had Mr. Acheson and M. Schuman at their Paris meeting earlier in the week

THE "BIG THREE" TOGETHER AT LANCASTER HOUSE: Mr. Dean Acheson, the American Secretary of State, Mr. Ernest Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary, and M. Robert Schuman, the French Foreign Secretary. With his bold and unexpected suggestion for Franco-German steel and coal control, M. Schuman, on behalf of the French Government, injected a spectacular topic into the Three-Power Conference

MR. BEVIN AT THE ROUND TABLE: The Foreign Secretary, who only recently left hospital, was looking rather better in health, despite the considerable demands of the Conference

M. SCHUMAN OPENS A PACKED BRIEF CASE CONTAINING DETAILS OF THE SURPRISE PLAN FOR FRENCH AND GERMAN INDUSTRY: At the Lancaster House Conference he took an early opportunity of amplifying this scheme to his fellow Ministers

HE HAS COME TO EUROPE TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR FREE NATIONS: Mr. Acheson seen with Ambassador Douglas on his right hand. Mr. Acheson's policy in Foreign Affairs has been clear-cut, but of late he has had a host of difficulties to contend with in the American domestic sphere, as his numerous enemies in the Republican camp have sought to discredit those who surround him in the State Department

MR. TRUMAN STUMPS THE COUNTRY: The President receiving a giant cake—the gift of the Bakers' Union—on the rear platform of his train at Galesburg, Illinois. Mr. Truman was starting out on his much-heralded "non-political tour," which, via Nebraska and Wyoming, took him through to Grand Coulee Dam in Washington State, where he dedicated the new works on the Columbia River. At every halt on the long journey west Mr. Truman addressed considerable crowds, for the most inveighing against the present Congress for not giving fuller support to his Fair Deal and generally preparing the ground for the November elections. At Galesburg his attack was directed particularly against isolationists, who, if they had their way, "would let Russia swallow up the rest of the world." In many Middle Western towns the President spoke of the need for wider horizons in a changing world, telling the people of America's world responsibilities and that they could not call themselves secure in this atomic age

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A SURVEY OF THE
FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

PAKISTAN'S PREMIER SPENDS AN HOUR WITH THE ROOSEVELTS: Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, who flew to America from Britain, talking with Mr. Elliott Roosevelt, a son of the late President; and Mrs. Roosevelt talking with the Begum Liaquat Ali Khan after the Premier had appeared on Mrs. Roosevelt's teatime television programme from New York. Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan had an enthusiastic reception on his tour. Mr. Truman greeted him at Washington Airport, and entertained him to a State dinner on the night of his arrival

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE APPEARS AT THE ELYSEE: Mr. Alexis Pavlov, the new Russian Ambassador to France, acknowledging the salute of the guard of honour when he came to present his credentials to President Auriol at the Elysee Palace. Mr. Pavlov, who succeeds Mr. Bogomolov and who was himself previously in Brussels, met the President in the presence of M. Schuman. He told M. Auriol he was resolved to ease relations between France and Russia

FREDERIC JOLIOT CURIE'S AUDIENCE SAY IT WITH FLOWERS: The French atom scientist, who was recently dismissed from his high Government post because of his Communist sympathies, seen in the course of a recent lecture at the College of France. The audience included many hundreds of his supporters and sympathisers, who paid tribute to the French scientist by loading his desk with bouquets of flowers. M. Joliot Curie's dismissal was announced with regret by Premier Bidault, who declared: "His public statements and his unreserved acceptance of the Communist Party make it impossible to maintain him in his functions of High Commissioner." It is understood that many of Joliot Curie's Communist friends are still members of the Atomic Energy Commission

MARSHAL TITO ARRIVES TO ADDRESS HIS NEW PARLIAMENT: The Yugoslavian leader applauded by members before his speech, which revealed a new tactical approach to the Western Powers. While he spoke "with sorrow" of his continued excommunication by former comrades in the Kremlin and the Cominform, Marshal Tito, who two years ago was abetting Greece's guerillas, spoke of substantially improving relations with Greece. He indicated the reopening of communications for Yugoslavia through Greek railways and ports. Tito also said that Yugoslavia and Italy had no reason to quarrel over Trieste, but blandly glossed over recent trouble between his supporters and Italians in the Yugoslav occupied zone of Trieste. He hinted that he was ready for the cession of Trieste to Italy, if Italy would give up the border town of Gorizia

THE UNITED NATIONS SECRETARY-GENERAL HALTS FOR A CONFERENCE AT GENEVA EN ROUTE TO MOSCOW: Mr. Trygve Lie seated between M. Henri Laugier (left) and Dr. Karl Ewang at a meeting of the World Health Organisation in the Palace of the old League of Nations. Later, Mr. Lie journeyed on to Moscow, bound on a new peace mission to Marshal Stalin. He was met on arrival by Mr. Gromyko, the Deputy Foreign Minister. Mr. Lie flew to Moscow in a Russian aircraft sent to meet him in Prague. In the Czech capital he is reported to have had a most unceremonious reception at a Press Conference

SIGNING PART II OF MALAYA'S CONSTITUTION: The Sultan of Selangor putting his signature to the new code at a ceremony held at Kuala Lumpur in the presence of State and Executive Counsellors, members of his Royal House and Malayan chiefs and elders. Malaya is now a Federation with a Central Government under a British High Commissioner and a Federal Executive Council and a Federal Legislative Council. Each State under its constitutional ruler has a State Executive Council and a Council of State. The States each have control of their own finances

CARRYING OUT THE TERMS OF THE CHANDERNAGORE REFERENDUM: M. Georges Henri Tailleur, the last French Administrator of the French Settlement of Chandernagore (seated left) and Mr. B. K. Banerjee, the new Indian Administrator (seated right), look over papers before signing the transfer document by which the French Settlement was handed over to India after 250 years of French Rule. The ceremony took place in Calcutta. It was in June 1949 that the people of Chandernagore, the French Indian settlement forming an enclave in Indian territory on the Hoogly River about 22 miles from Calcutta, voted in a referendum for union with India. Of the 10,509 electors, the total votes cast were 6,387 (women exercising the franchise equally with men). Of those who voted only 119 wanted to see the maintenance of French sovereignty. This referendum, originally intended to apply to all the French settlements in India, was confined to Chandernagore only

JAPAN'S LEADING COMMUNIST GETS A VAST AUDIENCE: This was part of the big crowd which thronged the Imperial Plaza in Tokyo to hear Sanzo Nozaka, Japan's Communist Party leader, deliver an address. On the next day General Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Allied Commander in Japan, suggested that Japan consider outlawing its Communists. There is said to be considerable dissension within the Japanese Communist Party, and Nozaka has often been assailed by colleagues for his "soft tactical line." He has co-operated with other parties and rarely attacked U.S. occupation policies

RUSSIA RETURNS MORE JAPANESE PRISONERS: Ex-prisoners of war waving flags as they approached a Tokyo dock on returning to their homeland. There were 1,244 former Japanese soldiers and civilians in this group, which is said to represent the last of the repatriations

THE MORTAL REMAINS OF REZA SHAH PAHLEVI, RULER OF PERSIA, WHO DIED IN EXILE IN 1944 AFTER ABDICATING IN 1941, ARE TAKEN FROM THE RIFAI MOSQUE IN CAIRO FOR DESPATCH TO TEHERAN: *Left*—**Pallbearers carrying the coffin from the mosque and (*right*) sons of the late Shah and brothers of the present ruler at Cairo Airport with King Farouk's chamberlain and Marshal Mohamed Haider Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Forces. The Persian princes accompanied the coffin in a Skymaster. A halt was made en route to Teheran at Mecca. The re-interment later took place in a marble mausoleum near Teheran**

The ceremonial removal of the remains of the late Reza Shah Pahlevi from Cairo to Teheran calls to mind the dramatic career of this ruler, who in 1921 when Ahmed Shah, last of the Kajah Dynasty, had become a mere puppet, acquired command as Minister of War and later supreme power as Premier and Dictator. Ahmed Shah left for France, where he died in 1930, and Reza Pahlevi, after first seeking to create a republic, had himself crowned in December 1925. He adopted many of the steps taken by Kemal Ataturk for the modernisation of Turkey, with whom he made a Treaty of Friendship and Alliance in 1926. These measures included compulsory education in a country which was more than 95 per cent. illiterate, also the building of a great railway across the whole country from Bandar Shahpur, on the Persian Gulf, to Bandar Shah, on the Caspian Sea. In 1928 the Shah introduced a modern legal system based on the French model. In his efforts to avoid the influence of both Great Britain and Russia, Reza Shah favoured Germany, and thus when the Second Great War began, Persia was a haven for Nazi agents. When Germany attacked Russia in 1941 British and Russian troops entered Persia, expelling the Axis elements. Reza Shah abdicated a month later, and he died in South Africa in 1944.

THE SHAH'S SISTER WEDS IN PARIS

AND INDONESIA'S ACTING PRESIDENT IS MARRIED IN BANDOENG

The "runaway" marriage of Princess Fatima, sister of the Shah of Persia, and Mr. Vincent Lee Hillyer, of California, apparently had a happy sequel when a second wedding ceremony was performed in Paris last week at the Persian Embassy, the Grand Imam Shirazi officiating in accordance with Muslim rights and in the presence of the Aga Khan, head of the Ismaeli sect of Muhammadans. The romance began when the Princess met Mr. Hillyer, a University student, at a New Year's Eve party given at Rome's exclusive Excelsior Hotel. The party followed the Shah's return from a tour of the United States, where he had gone to seek aid for his five-year programme of development. Mr. Hillyer, whose parents live at Los Banos, California, has for some time been a close friend of Prince Mehmoud, Princess Fatima's second brother, whom he met when they were fellow students at the University of California.

Following the "runaway" marriage in Civita Vecchia, it became known that the Court at Teheran had deprived Princess Fatima of all Royal prerogatives, as she had not sought her brother's permission to wed. Last week's marriage in Paris, however, indicated a reversal of opinion, although there was no present from the Shah. The bridegroom, who has embraced the Muslim faith and has had his first name changed to Ali, has made a settlement on his bride of £21,700.

AFTER THE WEDDING IN THE PERSIAN EMBASSY IN PARIS: Rita Hayworth, wife of Prince Ali Khan, with the bride, Princess Fatima, sister of the Shah of Iran, and the bridegroom, Mr. Vincent Hillyer, of California. In a twelve-minute ceremony they were married according to Muslim rites. They had been married a few weeks previously in Italy, at a civil ceremony which caused the disapproval of the Shah's Court at Teheran

THE AGA KHAN WITH PRINCESS FATIMA: He is admiring the Princess's wedding ring, which, together with a diamond pin and a pair of diamond earrings, was one of the gifts of her husband, Mr. Hillyer

THE ACTING PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF INDONESIA WEDS IN BANDOENG, JAVA: Dr. Assaat places the ring on the finger of his bride, who is wearing a sarong, woven on the island of Sumatra from fine gold threads. Dr. Assaat wears a Western-style suit

THE AGED GRAND IMAM SHIRAZI CONGRATULATES THE SISTER OF THE SHAH AFTER THE PARIS WEDDING: The Grand Imam performed the marriage ceremony according to Muslim rites. The Persian Ambassador in Paris and several representatives from Middle East Embassies attended

LEADING INDONESIAN POLITICIANS ATTEND A FEAST IN JAKARTA TO CELEBRATE DR. ASSAAT'S WEDDING: The food was Indonesian and consisted of bowls of rice, together with various dishes of vegetables, fish, poultry and spices. Only the three-tier wedding-cake was of Western style. Left to right in the picture are Federal Premier Mohammed Hatta; Federal President Soekarno; the bridegroom, Dr. Assaat, and a Muslim priest

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THE SEAPORT CITY OF SINGAPORE SEEN FROM THE AIR DURING THE GOODWILL VISIT TO THE PORT OF THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "BOXER," A UNIT OF THE SEVENTH U.S. FLEET: The *Boxer* is seen at anchor beyond the breakwater, and near her are the U.S. destroyers *Floyd B. Parks* and *John R. Craig*.

INTO BATTLE IN MALAYA

ASPECTS OF THE MOUNTING STRUGGLE IN THE PENINSULA

All eyes in the Far East are at present focused on Singapore from which Britain is waging with increasing vigour her battle against the Malayan bandits. At the time of writing, the War Minister, Mr. Strachey, and Mr. Griffiths, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, have announced they are visiting Malaya at Whitsuntide

A MAN WITH A GREAT BURDEN OF RESPONSIBILITY IN THE FAR EAST: Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, son of the late James Ramsay MacDonald, on the veranda of his home, Bukit Serene, above Johore Bahru, which lies just across the straits from the island of Singapore. Since 1948 Mr. MacDonald has been Commissioner-General for South-East Asia. After five years in Canada as Britain's High Commissioner, Mr. MacDonald became Governor-General of the Malayan Union in 1946.

IN THE MAIN STREET OF JOHORE BAHRU: A car passing through the town at the northern end of the causeway opposite Singapore. Bukit Serene, the residence of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, High Commissioner for South-East Asia, stands in a commanding position on the hill just above Johore Bahru

As Indo-China is an ulcer in the French economy, so in a measure is Malaya to the British, but it has to be remembered that despite the long campaign against the jungle bandits in the Malay Peninsula, the country's productivity in the matter of rubber and tin remains at a high level. Without those commodities the dollar-earning capacity of the sterling area would be seriously affected, and it is not to be wondered at that we are pursuing the campaign with all vigour. The battle has now made necessary the use of 70,000 police and 16,000 British and other troops, in addition to squadrons of aircraft and units of field artillery. In fact, the modest guerilla campaign of a year or two ago is beginning to loom up as a miniature war. There is now clearly no complacency about the matter in British Government circles, as witness the

(Continued on following page)

ACROSS THIS STRAIT SWEPT THE INVADING JAPANESE ARMIES DURING FEBRUARY 1942, WHEN THEY SECURED THE SURRENDER OF SINGAPORE AND, GIVING IT THE NAME OF SHONAN (LIGHT OF THE EARTH), MADE IT THE CAPITAL OF A NEW EAST-ASIAN STATE : The causeway, which was blown up, carries the main road and railway from Singapore and across the Johore Strait to Johore Bahru, seat of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the High Commissioner. When the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Minister of War visit Malaya during the Whitsuntide recess, they will see intense military activity in the Singapore area as reinforcements are brought in for the large-scale anti-bandit operations

BUKIT SERENE, HOME OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER : From this house above the Straits of Johore, Mr. MacDonald carries on the task of guiding the destinies of the Malayan Federation, and it is there that he will no doubt receive his visitors at Whitsun. Recently a Far-East Conference was held at Bukit Serene

THE HOME OF A MALAYAN CHIEF : The palace of the Sultan of Johore at Johore Bahru, where, in January 1948, the Sultan signed the treaty which his fellow Malayan rulers had already signed at Kuala Lumpur. The treaty provided for a central Government under a British High Commissioner, and two federal councils

THE HEADQUARTERS OF AN ANTI-BANDIT STRIKING FORCE : This palm-thatched building at Kuala Lumpur accommodates the 60th Fighter Group, R.A.F., which is now engaged in dealing with the guerilla menace in the State of Selangor. The R.A.F. and the Royal Artillery are co-operating on an increasing scale with the infantry and police in the jungle warfare. A new addition to the striking force will be No. 3 Commando Brigade of the Royal Marines

INTO BATTLE IN MALAYA

(Continued from previous page)

announced intention of the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Minister of War to visit the scene of operations during the Whitsuntide Parliamentary recess. They have emphasised that their coming betokens no lack of confidence in what is being done in the area, but is merely intended to give encouragement to the plans and policies now being implemented on the one hand by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the High Commissioner for South-East Asia, and, on the other, by Lieut.-General Sir Harold Briggs, the recently appointed Director of Operations against the bandits. Mr. MacDonald, a former Colonial Secretary and Dominions Secretary, with a wealth of experience of administration within the Empire, has been in Malaya since 1946, and is well fitted to inform his visitors of every aspect of the tangled situation. Sir Harold Briggs is also an experienced campaigner. Before the Second World War he fought in Waziristan on India's North-West Frontier, and later he commanded the 5th Indian Division both in the Western Desert and in Burma. Between 1946 and 1948 he was G.O.C. Burma Command, at the time when the dacoits were active in the area, and there was considerable fighting very much on the lines now dictated by the Malayan bandits.

Sir Harold Briggs is expected to mount a full-scale offensive on or just after mid-June, and it can be fairly certain that it will be something very much more aggressive than the operations in the recent anti-bandit month.

PREPARING TO STRIKE AT THE MALAYAN BANDITS—ACTIVITY ON THE R.A.F. FIGHTER STRIP AT KUALA LUMPUR: *Left*—Checking the machine-guns and cannon in a Spitfire. *Right*—A Leading Aircraftman gives a final check to a Spitfire's engine before the machine is taken off on a sortie. The use of fighters in the jungle is hardly calculated to be a decisive factor, but it has helped to keep bandits from concentrating, and more than one enemy headquarters has been destroyed in quick time

ACTIVITY AT TENGAH AIR BASE, SINGAPORE: Here the Squadron Leader's plane swings on to the tarmac as he prepares to lead Lincoln bombers of the 57th Heavy Bomber Squadron over targets in Pahang, 200 miles to the north

Some of the pictures on these pages show how both fighters and bombers are being used in the anti-bandit campaign, and in THE SPHERE of May 13, 25-pounders of the 17th battery, Royal Artillery, were shown hammering away at a guerilla stronghold in the Broga area of Selangor.

With all these forces at work it is little wonder that the Malayan bill mounts alarmingly. Only last week Mr. Del Tufo, the acting Chief Secretary of the Federation, told a Press Conference at Kuala Lumpur that his Government was expecting to pay out 120,000,000 Malayan dollars on the emergency this year, which, of course, does not take into account the British resources which are being expended in the defence of this 50,000 square miles of territory which has at its tip not only the principal city of Malaya, but the most important strategic point in the whole Commonwealth.

The first actual settlement of the British in Malaya was the foundation of Penang by Captain Francis Light over 160 years ago, but the name that will always be most closely associated with the history of British colonising in the Peninsula is that of the great Sir Stamford Raffles, that official of the East India Company who, with a prescience that only Rhodes of Africa has equalled, of his own initiative and against the policy of the Company, founded the settlement of Singapore. The loss of Singapore during the Second World War, was a bitter blow to imperial prestige in the Far East. It was not until 3½ years later that Admiral Mountbatten in turn received from General Itagaki at Singapore the surrender of all Japanese forces in South-East Asia

A BOMBER TAKES OFF ON A JUNGLE MISSION: Watched by a sentry of the Malayan Auxiliary R.A.F. Police, the Lincoln rises near the end of the runway as it sets out to bomb chosen objectives. Malayan Auxiliary R.A.F. Police play a vital part in the campaign by defending airfields and thus releasing seasoned troops for action in the jungle

A TALENTED NEWCOMER TO THE PASSION PLAY : Annemmie Mayer, who has been chosen to play the part of the Virgin Mary in the famous play, which will be presented to-morrow (Sunday, May 21) in the open-air theatre at Oberammergau

JUDAS ISCARIOT IS PLAYED BY HANS SCHWAIGOFER : Hans is a teacher at the woodcarving school at Oberammergau. He succeeds Herr Hans Zwink in this most exacting of roles, and reveals himself as a most accomplished character actor

THE BODY OF OUR LORD IS LIFTED FROM THE CROSS AT GOLGOTHA : Reverently the crucified Christ is lowered to the ground to be taken away to the place of burial. The great difficulty of presenting this scene with dignity is in part solved by the use of lengths of drapery, enabling Christ's followers to lower the body from the Cross

OBERAMMERGAU IN HOLY YEAR

THE PASSION PLAY IS PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1934

To-morrow, Sunday, May 21, witnesses the first performance in 1950 of the Oberammergau Passion Play, and, this being Holy Year, it is expected that between now and September 17, when the last performance is given, there will be a record number of visitors to this little village in the Bavarian highlands, the centre of a great tradition and the scene of a great act of faith on the part of its people.

It was in the year 1633 that a terrible plague swept through the towns and villages of Bavaria. At first the secluded village of Oberammergau was spared, and the local authorities, in the hope of preserving their immunity, decreed that no one should leave or enter the village. However, a native of Oberammergau who was living outside the *cordon sanitaire*, was seized with a sudden homesickness and crept in by stealth during the night. Three days later he was dead ; the dread plague had claimed him as a victim and he had brought it into the village. Before long the plague had forty victims. The terror-stricken inhabitants vowed that if the scourge were turned from their homes they would, once in every ten years, perform with reverence and solemnity a play commemorating the love and passion of Christ. After this vow the plague spread no further, and the Passion Play was duly instituted by the survivors. For over three centuries, with scarcely a break, this vow has been observed by the devout villagers who, for the whole winter and spring before each production, subordinate their tasks as farmers and wood-carvers to the demands of the play, the cast of which is chosen by the village's vote. The play is presented in the great open-air theatre in which 5,000 spectators can be seated under cover

"I FIND NO FAULT IN THIS MAN": Pilate addresses the people outside his palace as they clamour for the crucifixion of Christ. Standing chained to a Roman soldier on Pilate's left, Christ faces the multitude. Anton Presinger, a local innkeeper, plays the part of Christ, and Pilate is played by Melchior Breitsamter, who owns a local sawmill

THE ROUTE TO GOLGOTHA: Christ, wearing His crown of thorns, makes the journey to the scene of His crucifixion. Bearing the heavy cross on to the stage is a considerable ordeal for Anton Presinger, who plays the chief role in this year's Passion Play

In earlier days it was played in front of Oberammergau's rococo church.

The Passion Play was cancelled during the First World War. The last performance was the tercentenary play in 1934, which followed only four years after the 1930 production. After the Second World War, some of the actors, who had joined the Nazi Party, had to undergo denazification trials, but the sentences were not severe.

The authorities at Oberammergau have this year been making preparations on the most extensive scale, renovating the theatre, repairing roads, and even building homes for displaced persons on the outskirts of the village, so that the centre of Oberammergau will be available for the tourist. At the moment it is planned to give thirty-three performances of the Passion Play, but if demand continues to grow, there may be anything up to forty more. This year there are several very promising newcomers to the cast, among them Annemmie Mayer, who plays the part of Virgin Mary

CHRIST STATES HIS CASE IN THE TEMPLE: On the right stand the priests glowering at His words, which are so obviously making an impression on the rest of the throng. The great drama, viewed in rehearsal, is said to be as stirring as ever, the simple dignity and genuine feeling of those taking part giving the play its feeling of realism

WHERE THE EAST RIVER JOINS UPPER NEW YORK BAY: Beneath this stretch of water is being driven the new tunnel which will provide a new link between the Borough of Brooklyn and the tip of Manhattan. Rising on the left is the tunnel's ventilating tower which is being built on Governor's Island. The tunnel will emerge at Battery Point, linking up with one end of Broadway and the skyway which takes traffic round the Manhattan perimeter

MANHATTAN'S NEW EXIT

BUILDING THE GREAT TUNNEL UNDER THE EAST RIVER

In the last few years it has generally been thought that New York has achieved a population of 8,000,000, although this month the area Census Director, Dr. Zola Bronson, produced an approximate figure of 7,750,000. That alone is 4 per cent. above the total of 7,454,995 counted in 1940, and it is easy enough to understand from such figures why the city has a chronic traffic problem, one that new bridge-building, new skyway building and tunnel building has alleviated but not solved.

In the '20's it was decided to tackle the problem by tunnel building, and after seven years of construction at a cost of 48,000,000 dollars the Holland Tunnel was completed, providing an effective new link between Manhattan and hardly less populous Jersey City.

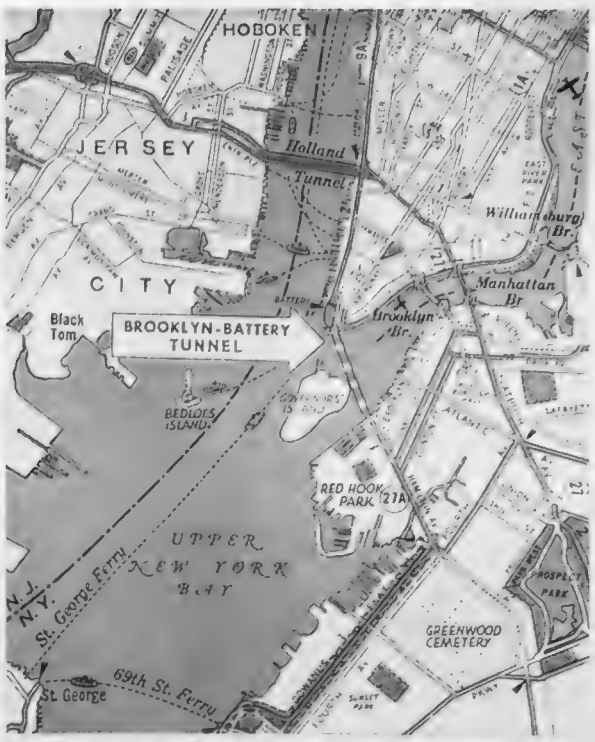
The Holland Tunnel showed from the outset that it could take a great weight of traffic off the Hudson River bridges, so in 1940 it was decided to find similar relief for the thronged bridges across the East River, particularly Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges, which bear such a burden of traffic between Manhattan's southern tip and the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens. So great is the burden, indeed, that it is at the moment impracticable to close the bridges for repairs.

Accordingly, in October 1940, before the United States was drawn into the Second World War, work was started on the new Brooklyn-Battery Point Tunnel. After Pearl Harbour, however, when so many tens of thousands of Americans were taken into the forces, tunnelling operations were stopped, and it was consequently not until the autumn of 1948 that contact beneath the East River was made by the excavation gangs working from opposite directions.

Since then the tunnel has steadily progressed, and it is now hoped that it will be ready for opening next spring. The original contract price of 57,000,000 dollars has been far exceeded, however, and it is probable that the final cost of this new traffic link will be nearer 80,000,000 dollars.

The tunnel, with its twin tubes, each taking two lanes of traffic, is about 300 yards short of two miles in length. The concrete walls, lined with smooth-surfaced tiling, are at no point less than 16 ins. thick, and the ventilation system is of the most elaborate character. Experts are taking precautions to see that there is a full escape for all fumes, bearing in mind the great chemical explosion which took place in the Holland Tunnel in May of last year, when firemen fought for hours amid the wreckage of twenty-three vehicles involved when a 16-ton trailer truck loaded with chemicals blew up between Manhattan and Jersey City about half-a-mile from the nearest exit.

BUILDING THE MANHATTAN APPROACH TO THE NEW BROOKLYN-BATTERY POINT TUNNEL: Looking down the carriageway to the tunnel entrance not far from Battery Point at the southern tip of Manhattan. In the distance is Governor's Island, the headquarters of the 1st Army of the United States Army, which has jurisdiction over New York, New Jersey, Delaware and the New England States. The island was originally called Pagganck by the Indians, from whom Governor van Twiller bought it in 1637. He used it as a goat pasture and erected a sawmill there. The ventilation tower for the Manhattan-Brooklyn tunnel is being built on the north-western tip of Governor's Island



THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE NEW TUNNEL : This sketch-map shows how Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn, will enter the tunnel near Red Hook Park, and pass beneath the estuary of the East River at the point where it enters Upper New York Bay, emerging at Battery Point, Manhattan. The new tunnel will relieve congestion on Brooklyn Bridge and Manhattan Bridge

PREPARING TO LAY THE ROADWAY THROUGH A COMPLETED SECTION OF THE NEW TUNNEL : Dust and grit are being swept up preparatory to paving with non-skid bricks. The walls and roof of the tunnel are tiled, thus reflecting the light

THE BROOKLYN APPROACH NEAR RED HOOK PARK : Along this stretch it is estimated that 16,000,000 cars a year will travel, not a few of them bound to and from Coney Island, New York's ever-crowded pleasure resort which looks out on Lower Bay, Sandy Hook and the Atlantic Ocean. By using this route motorists will avoid the always busy Flatbush Avenue just to the east

AT WORK ON THE VENTILATOR SYSTEM : The wire guard is to prevent foreign matter being sucked in. As the tunnel is nearly two miles long, for the most part under water, the ventilation is necessarily on an elaborate scale

On *right*—**ASPHALT BEING POURED BETWEEN THE NEWLY-LAID SKID-PROOF BRICKS :** This is the Manhattan approach to the tunnel near Battery Point. There are two separate carriageways through the tunnel for north-bound and south-bound traffic. Each carriageway is 21 ft. wide, providing room for two lanes of traffic

"RED RULE" IN MOSINEE

A Wisconsin Mill Town Experiences One Day Under the Communists

In 1935 Sinclair Lewis, that intense critic of provincial American society, published his novel *It Can't Happen Here*, a warning of what totalitarianism would be like if it were implanted in the United States. Many will remember his portrait of the New England newspaper editor who so stoutly fought the enemies of democracy.

Americans, living in the vast security of the Middle Western Plains, were probably content in the '30's to believe that Fascism and Nazism would never come to their door, and they were no doubt right; but to-day they bask in no such security, so well have Republicans and Democrats alike drilled them in the terrors of Communism, the only difference being that the Republicans point to the Liberally-inclined Mr. Truman as a Socialistic figure of infinite menace.

So conscious are they in the little Wisconsin mill town of Mosinee of the awful possibilities before them that they have staged a mock invasion of their community. In several hours of well-planned action, Mosinee was seized by Communists (their parts being taken by members of the American Legion, many of them civic leaders in Mosinee), and the town was made part of the "United States of Soviet America."

It was all done very realistically, too realistically from one point of view, for Mr. Ralph E. Kronenwetter, the Mayor of Mosinee, who was dragged from his bed and gaoled, died from a cerebral hæmorrhage, the result, it is reported, of taking part in the demonstration; and to-day Mosinee mourns one of her staunchest citizens.

Also dragged from his bed was Carl Gewiss, Mosinee's police chief. Road blocks were thrown up, citizens were stopped on the streets by "security" patrols which demanded to see identification papers, a special edition of the *Mosinee Times* was published under the title of *The Red Star*, and a barbed-wire concentration camp was set up at one end of the town.

Complete surrender to the invaders was acknowledged at 10.15 a.m., when Mayor Kronenwetter addressed a crowd of 1,000 gathered in the new "Red Square." "God must have willed it this way, and maybe it is for the best," the Mayor told the citizens, and after introducing Commissar Kornfedder, he urged the people to submit to accomplished facts and avoid bloodshed. The Mayor stood on a platform adorned with the legend, "The State must be supreme over the individual." As the Mayor spoke a legionary stood behind him with a pistol in his back.

Police Chief Gewiss, who refused to turn his police over to the new Government, saying "We have plenty of your police on our side, anyway," was duly "liquidated."

Traders throughout the town co-operated in the general scheme. Prices were marked up in all stores, and suits selling the day before at 42 dollars were now offered at 252 dollars. Coffee went up to 4 dollars 14 cents per pound. Restaurants served black bread and potato soup for lunch, while in the main street a soup kitchen was set up. Hundreds of citizens, joining in the spirit of the day, lined up for soup, but few of them drank the "watery mess" dished up by the Legionaries. Others, following the example of the Mayor, submitted to arrest and imprisonment.

To add a final note of realism, Mosinee's churches were padlocked, all public buildings except the post office were placarded as Commissariats, the paper mill and the power-house were seized.

The pageant ended at 8 p.m., when the invaders unmasked, and staged a programme illustrating the triumph of democracy and Americanism.

So ended Mosinee's big day; but it was no isolated demonstration, for as President Truman stumps the country on his Congressional Election tour he is conveying very much the same thing to Americans as the Mosinee demonstration was meant to convey, and as Sinclair Lewis said in *It Can't Happen Here*.

To a far-away city in the middle of Nebraska last week, Mr. Truman told his audience: "You are directly affected by what happens these days in Berlin, in Paris, in Singapore." To the people of a Wyoming town he declared: "You should erect signposts in the centre of town—one pointing east that says London 30 hours, one pointing west that says Shanghai 44 hours, and one pointing north that says Moscow 45 hours, for these are the normal flight times of commercial air-liners, and there are military planes that fly even faster."

Truly for the America of the Middle West, and the plainsmen who live in the shadow of the Rocky Mountain Barrier, this is a time of awakening world consciousness, and the old narrow parochial, political issues which once sent popular local figures to Congress would seem to have lost some of their potency on Main Street.

AFTER THE ESTABLISHMENT OF "RED RULE" IN MOSINEE: Citizens of the Wisconsin mill town lining up for soup following the seizure of the town by members of the Wisconsin Department of the American Legion, who posed as Communists and, in a day of feverish activity, attempted to show what would happen if Mosinee did really come under totalitarian rule. The day began with the seizure at dawn of Ralph E. Kronenwetter, Mayor of Mosinee, and the Police Chief, Carl Gewiss. Road blocks were thrown up and citizens were stopped in the streets by special "security" patrols

SUBVERSIVE LITERATURE IS THROWN DOWN THE STEPS OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY: Mr. Charles L. Larson, American Legion commander in Wisconsin, who acted the part of a Vice-Commissar, is seen hurling away books running counter to the spirit of the new regime

THE PENALTY OF OPEN DISAGREEMENT: This citizen, who openly decried the setting up of "Red rule" in Mosinee, was swiftly taken in charge by "security" police and dragged off to the concentration camp, a barbed-wire enclosure made for the occasion. The local pastor was also seized, a "security" squad interrupting his service

A GIANT PRACTICAL JOKE THAT ENDED IN TRAGEDY: *Left*—Mayor Kronenwetter making the speech in the main square of Mosinee in which he called upon the people to co-operate with the new regime. *Right*—"Security" police engaged in patrolling the town. The mock Communist coup ended in tragedy, for a few days later Mayor Kronenwetter died from a cerebral hæmorrhage, probably the result of his experiences in being dragged from bed into the snow-filled streets of the town

THE SPLENDOUR OF CANONIZATION

THE POPE PROCLAIMS THE SECOND OF THE HOLY YEAR SAINTS

There is no more splendid ceremony in the Roman Catholic Church than that of canonization, although the processes leading up to it are complicated to a degree and extend over a number of years. The first saint to be proclaimed in Holy Year was Saint Emilia de Rodat, the Frenchwoman who founded the Congregation of the Sacred Family, devoting her life from the earliest years to aiding the poor and caring for the sick. The second to be proclaimed was Antonio Claret, the weaver of Barcelona, who was ordained in 1835 and later became Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba. His order of the Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary now has 220 houses in all parts of the world. There was a particularly large Spanish contingent at this second canonization, headed by the son-in-law and daughter of General Franco, the Marquis and Marchioness of Villaverde, who are spending part of their honeymoon on a Holy Year pilgrimage.

Rome is now crowded as never before. It is calculated that in the first four months of the year about 500,000 have gone to Rome. The Pope has been giving audiences in St. Peter's two or three times a week to 30,000 or 40,000 people at a time.

SOLEMN MASS IN THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S: His Holiness the Pope standing before the altar during the service at which, amid traditional splendour, he declared that the Blessed Antonio Claret, founder of the Order of the Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, be proclaimed a saint. About 7,000 Holy Year pilgrims packed the Basilica to witness the ceremony. Many of those who attended the canonization were pilgrims of Spanish descent, among them the Marquis of Villaverde and his bride, the daughter of General Franco

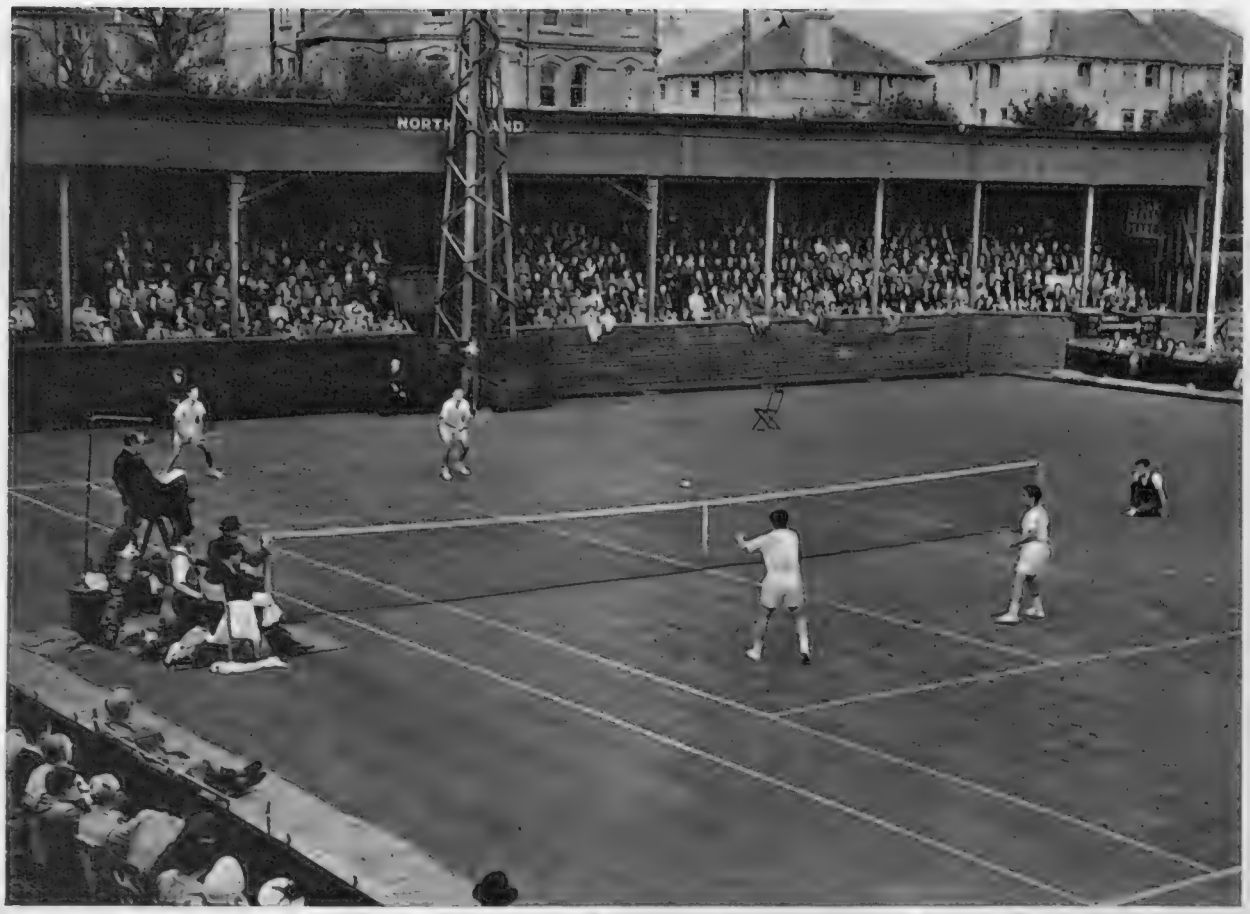
A TAPESTRY BEARING THE LIKENESS OF THE NEW SAINT—THE WEAVER OF BARCELONA WHO BECAME ARCHBISHOP OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA: For the ceremony of canonization the tapestry was taken into the Basilica and carried in procession along the nave

THE POPE SITS ENTHRONED AMONG HIS CARDINALS AND BISHOPS: It was at this stage that he heard the official plea that Antonio Claret be raised to sainthood. *On left*—An overhead view of the great gathering. In the foreground is the Papal Altar surmounted by Bernini's famous canopy

A THRILLING DAVIS CUP BATTLE

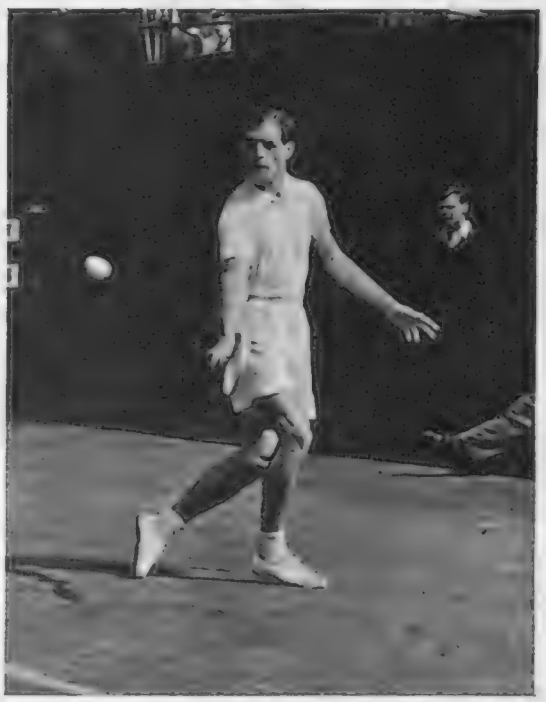
Britain Narrowly Defeated by Italy; Paish the Hero of the Last Day's Play

John Oliff, one of the foremost commentators on modern lawn tennis, declared after last week's Davis Cup defeat of Great Britain that he considered Paish's performance in the final match against Cucelli, the Italian No. 1, the finest put up by any Englishman since the days of Perry and Austin. This was praise indeed, but there could have been few who thronged Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, for the final day's play who did not agree with this view. Paish, by sheer force of will, raised his game into a class of which he has had no previous experience, and in the end he came within five points of defeating Cucelli, who must be reckoned as one of the leading amateur lawn tennis players of the world. Paish, strangely enough, was frequently unreliable in the doubles match, in which Mottram showed good form, but he won his first singles against Del Bello (who is at his best as a hard-court exponent) in a determined struggle that went on far into the evening. Mottram's match with Cucelli revealed many classic strokes on both sides, although the Englishman's fine back-hand play and volleying was not quite good enough against the all-round armament of Italy's No. 1. Italy now pass into the second round of the Davis Cup and Mottram and Paish are free to concentrate on the Wimbledon Championships.



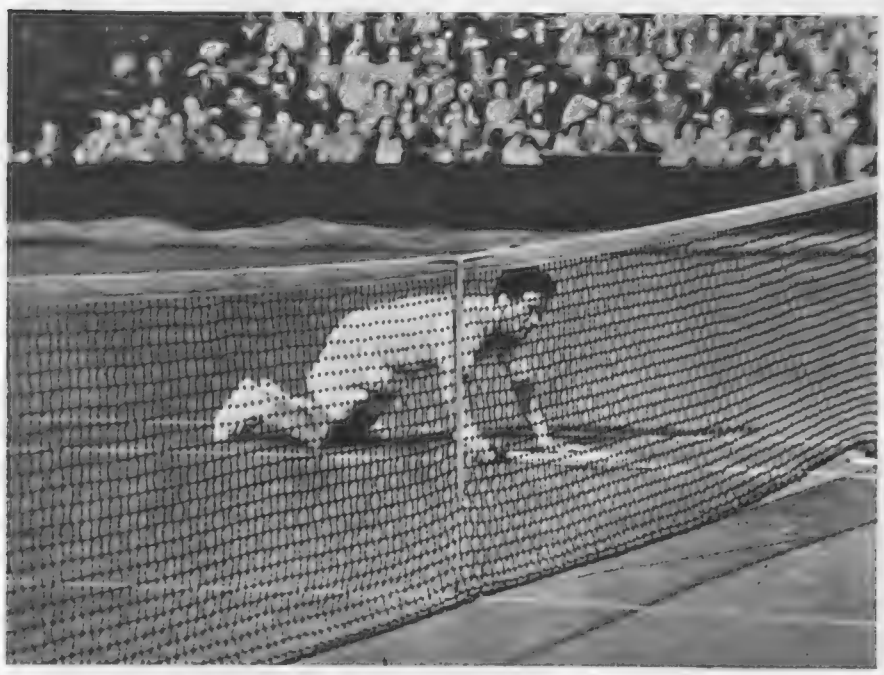
THE ITALIANS CAPTURE THE DOUBLES: Del Bello (left foreground) and Cucelli in action at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, against the British pair, Mottram and Paish, whom they beat in three straight sets to become one up against Great Britain. On the following day Mottram beat Del Bello; and Paish, in a tremendously gallant effort, came within a few points of accounting for Cucelli. Italy thus won the tie 3-2

ITALY'S NO. 2: Del Bello in action in his match with Mottram. He was continually forced to lob as a result of Mottram's well-timed returns, for the most part from the back-hand



BRITAIN'S NO. 1: Mottram in action against Del Bello. This picture exemplifies his stylish back-hand from the base-line. He also achieved spectacular volleys

THE LION-HEARTED PAISH SMASHES FROM THE CENTRE OF THE COURT: The British player in his vital match with Cucelli, which the Italian won in five thrilling sets



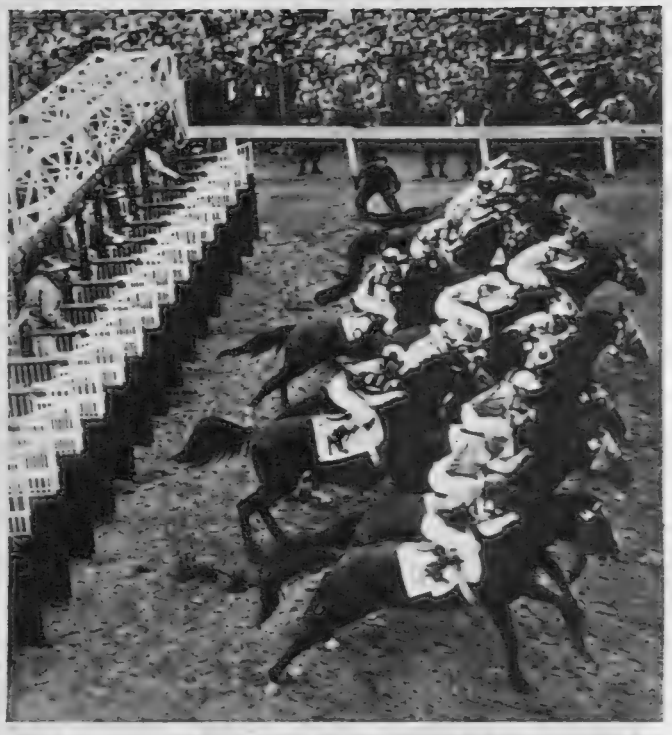
TWO PORTRAITS OF A VICTOR: *Left*—Cucelli, the Italian No. 1, on his knees when failing in a return to Paish, his opponent in the final match of the Davis Cup rubber. *Right*—Cucelli lying unconscious on the court after his victory, when he collapsed as a result of the physical and nervous strain. By a magnificent display of courage and fortitude Paish kept the Italian on the run, and in the last minutes of the long fifth set only Cucelli's own courage kept him going

MR. WILLIAM WOODWARD'S PRINCE SIMON, STILL HELD ON A TIGHT REIN, LEADS THE FIELD WITH EFFORTLESS EASE FOUR FURLONGS FROM THE FINISH IN THE NEWMARKET STAKES: The American-bred horse, which Mr. Woodward has brought over from Kentucky to compete for the classics, was beaten narrowly by Palestine in a photo-finish for the 2,000 Guineas, and he had his last outing before the Derby in this 1¼-mile race on Newmarket Heath. As a result of his victory by six lengths the American colt became an even firmer favourite for the Derby. The moment Carr gave him his head Prince Simon raced away from his rivals and galloped past the post without the least sign of tiring

PRINCE SIMON FIRST, AND THE REST NOWHERE: W. H. Carr passing the post at Newmarket when winning the valuable Newmarket Stakes on Mr. William Woodward's fine colt. Toiling away in rear was Lord Rosebery's Paradiso, and a further ten lengths behind, but not seen in the picture, was Lord Derby's Perigueux, which had run well with a big weight in a recent race at Birmingham

EPSOM DERBY AND KENTUCKY DERBY

Prince Simon Prepares for the Great Race; Middleground Triumphs on Churchill Downs



THEY 'RE OFF!—THE START OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH KENTUCKY DERBY ON CHURCHILL DOWNS: The field leaving the gate in almost perfect line at the start of America's principal classic race. The winner, Middleground, ridden by the young apprentice from England, Bill Boland, is seen in the immediate foreground

The Epsom Derby can never be a foregone conclusion for any horse. There are too many "ifs" and "buts" about the great race, and it is too much of a big occasion for well-laid plans to be sure of succeeding. However, at the time of writing the American-bred horse, Prince Simon, is a clear-cut favourite for the great race, and many who obtained 66 to 1 and 33 to 1 about him in the winter months after Mr. William Woodward, of the New York Jockey Club, had brought the colt to England, have been congratulating themselves on their perspicacity. Prince Simon's victory in the Newmarket Stakes was a faultless performance, satisfying nearly all doubts.

THE CLOSING STAGES OF THE KENTUCKY DERBY: *Left*—The field rounding the last turn, the Tattenham Corner of Churchill Downs, with Mr. Trouble still leading on the rails and Your Host and Middleground disputing the lead with him. Hill Prince (No. 6) is coming up on the outside of Middleground. Your Host, the favourite, was ridden by Johnny Longden, the veteran jockey who was over in England last year. *Right*—Middleground nearing the post

A colt from Texas and a boy from Epsom, an apprentice jockey on the American Turf, combined their talents to win the seventy-sixth Kentucky Derby, run in the presence of 90,000 or more people on the celebrated Churchill Downs near Louisville. The winner, Middleground, a son of the 1936 Kentucky Derby winner Bold Venture, was driven up the straight to rare purpose by his young apprentice jockey, Bill Boland, coming within a fraction of the track record set up by Whirlaway in 1941. The winner, returned at odds of about 15 to 2, netted 92,650 dollars for his owner, Robert J. Kleberg; and the runner-up, Hill Prince, defeated by a length and a quarter, received 10,000 dollars. The favourite, California-bred Your Host, winner of the 136,000-dollar Santa Anita Derby in February, was ridden by Johnny Longden, the American champion jockey who rode in England last year.

ARRIVALS AT LONDON AIRPORT

AND OTHER HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

FORTY-FIVE AMERICAN BIG BUSINESS MEN ARRIVE AT LONDON AIRPORT TO SEE THE B.I.F.: The party, which includes a dozen millionaires, is visiting Europe on behalf of the Detroit Board of Commerce to study trade fairs in Europe. They flew to London from Hamburg and will also visit the B.I.F. at Birmingham while they are here. Detroit is to hold America's first trade fair in 1951 or 1952. The other objects of their Tour are to study the effects of Marshall Aid and to examine the possibilities of selling their products and of building plants in Europe

MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY BEAUCHAMP ARRIVE FROM NEW YORK ON A SIX-DAYS VISIT: Sarah Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill's actress daughter, and her husband, who is a photographer by profession, were visiting England for the first time since their marriage last October. Miss Churchill is to play the lead opposite Fred Astaire in *The Royal Wedding*, on which filming is due to begin on June 1

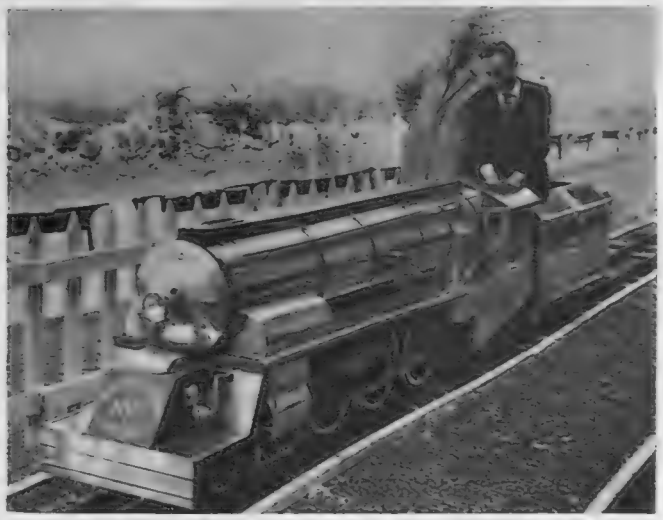
THE SCHOOL OF INFANTRY DEMONSTRATION AT LARKHILL: ***Left*—Spectators, including officers, cadets and other ranks of the fighting services of Britain, the Empire, the United States and other nations, watch an infantry barrage.** ***Right*—An officer of the Royal Artillery addresses petty officers from H.M.S. *Vanguard*:** The demonstration included a march-past of guns, projectors and radar equipment; a staged action in which anti-tank guns effectively defended "enemy" tanks of the 8th Hussars; camouflage tactics; and a shooting display with live shell, showing the fire-power of various weapons, including the 16-barrel rocket projector, produced for the British Army but never used in the last war

CORNWORTHY CHURCH IS CLOSED: ***Left*—Children play in front of the Parish Church, which cannot be restored until funds are raised.** ***Right*—The caretaker points out one of the pillars which lean 18 ins. out of the true. The fine old chandelier is also unsafe and is in danger of falling.** Because of damage caused by the death-watch beetle, Cornworthy Parish Church near Totnes, in Devonshire, has been closed for all services. Repairs have been completed on the church tower, but the roof still has to be restored. A surveyor has reported that the pillars are leaning about 18 ins. out of true, and this, combined with the condition of the roof, led him to advise the closing of the church until further investigation is possible. The Vicar, the Rev. Noel George, and the churchwardens have taken his advice and have closed the church completely for a time. The cost of repair will probably amount to several thousands of pounds—and as this is outside the capacity of the parish, which has a population of just over 300, outside appeals will have to be made for assistance

ENQUIRING INTO LONDON TRANSPORT'S FARES REVISION: Seated at the table are Mr. J. C. Poole; Sir William Bruce Thomas, K.C., chairman of the enquiry and formerly President of the Railway Rates Tribunal; and Mr. A. C. Sewell, former charges adviser to the British Transport Commission. The new fares plan to equalise charges on road and rail services will mean increased travelling costs in some cases, reductions in others. It is being challenged by 108 different bodies of ratepayers, trade councils and trade unions

THE REOPENING OF KENWOOD HOUSE: Framing paintings in the library in preparation for last Wednesday's opening by the Lord Chancellor. On the walls are Crome's "The Yarmouth Water Frolic" and Lawrence's "Miss Murray." Against the wall are Gainsborough's "Mrs. Crouch" and Romney's "The Spinster." Kenwood House, on the edge of Hampstead Heath, was bequeathed to the nation as a museum by Lord Iveagh. The £50,000 endowment for its upkeep was administered by trustees until the London County Council took it over last year. The new curator of the Iveagh Bequest is Mr. Loraine Conran, who, as art director of the Southampton Gallery at the age of twenty-six, was the youngest in that position in the country. Kenwood House was closed at the outbreak of war and was surrounded by A.-A. gun positions. It will be used primarily for the display of the Iveagh Bequest pictures

CIVIL SERVANTS OPPOSE THE WAGE FREEZE: Mr. L. C. White, General Secretary of the Civil Service Clerical Association, moves a resolution opposing the "absolute wage freeze" and expressing dissatisfaction with the Prime Minister's reply to the Staff side of the Civil Service National Whitley Council. In the discussion, which took place at the Albert Hall, the members declared themselves wholly dissatisfied with the terms of Mr. Attlee's letter, and decided to request him to receive a deputation on the subject. If he agrees to meet them, they will be represented by a sub-committee on wages which they appointed at the end of last year



A MODEL STREAMLINED LOCOMOTIVE FOR GWRYCH CASTLE AT ABERGELE, IN NORTH WALES: The *Silver Queen* was built by sixty-four-year-old Ernest Dove of Sherwood, Nottinghamshire, who is standing on the right, behind his son. The *Silver Queen* was modelled on the latest American streamliner. It can travel at 38·7 m.p.h., hauling seventy passengers. It weighs over 3 tons and has a track gauge of 10½ ins. Materials used in its construction cost £4,000. It will be used to carry visitors on sight-seeing tours of the Castle

ELSTON'S BIGGEST EVER CELEBRATIONS ON FLORA DAY: Girls in white dresses and boys in white shirts and flannels dance the traditional "furry dance" in the old Cornish town. The origin of the dance is unknown. Flora Day is held on May 8 to celebrate the approach of summer. Cornishmen from all over the world took part in this year's procession, which was the biggest ever held at Helston. First the children danced through the streets, carrying willow branches in their hands. In the evening men of the town, wearing morning dress with large floral button-holes, took up the dance, taking their partners, clad in summer frocks, through houses and shops in the town

"SQUATTERS" ARE EVICTED FROM THEIR HOMES AT CHICHESTER: Families sort out their furniture and possessions after a demolition squad had wrecked the ex-R.A.F. huts in which they had been living at Crocker Hill. Chichester workmen, who had been sent to demolish the huts, downed tools when they were told that the "squatters" had nowhere to go, and a second gang had to be engaged for the job. At a Chichester Rural Council meeting it was stated, after one of its members had accused the Council of disgraceful behaviour, that the people had no right in the huts, and that they had been given notice to move a number of times. They had been given ample time to make other arrangements, and they had always been gipsies

ART COMES INTO THE OPEN

THE L.C.C. SPONSOR ANOTHER EXHIBITION IN VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS

The open-air art exhibition on Victoria Embankment has proved as big an attraction as in the last two years, and has again had its full share of publicity, this time because L.C.C. inspectors stepped in and caused the removal of several paintings of nudes which they said might offend certain sections of the public. The paintings were removed on the inaugural day shortly before the public was admitted. Prices this year ranged from five shillings to 150 guineas, but on the whole they were more reasonable than those asked in 1949, when one critic declared that they must have been assessed in a spirit of bravado. By arranging a daily draw for positions on the following day, and also leaving a few spaces clear for first-comers on each day, the exhibitors reached a very happy compromise, and when the show comes to an end this evening (May 20) few of the artists will be able to complain that they have not had a fair showing. The quality of the exhibits has been very mixed. There is no doubt, however, that the exhibition fulfils a great need, giving young painters a real opportunity to display their work.

THE RAIN-SWEPT OPEN-AIR GALLERY ON THE INAUGURAL DAY OF THE THIRD PAINTING DISPLAY IN VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS : Rain sadly marred the opening of this annual show organised by the London County Council, but fine weather on subsequent days brought out the lunch-hour crowds. The exhibition is open for a fortnight in all, and on each day the artists have balloted for their positions for the next day

FOUR LONDON PARK CLEANERS PAUSE IN THEIR TASK TO ADMIRE THE FLOWER PAINTINGS OF A CHELSEA ARTIST AT THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT EXHIBITION : The paintings are the work of Mr. W. S. Hepper

A CHINESE WATERCOLOURIST DISPLAYS HER WARES : Miss Cy Chang arranging one of her flower paintings at the open-air exhibition. *On right*—Miss Wood, of Grimsby, another prominent exhibitor

BRYAN ROBEY, OF KENSINGTON, STANDS DISCONSOLATELY AS THE RAIN POURS DOWN ON THE ALFRESCO EXHIBITION : When the rain became torrential on the opening day, the artists pulled covers over their works

A LUNCH-HOUR THRONG TOURING THE EXHIBITION : Prices of works ranged from five shillings for pen-and-ink sketches to 150 guineas for a picture entitled "Behold the Lily," depicting lilies superimposed on an aerial view of Battersea Power Station

PAGEANTRY at ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW

THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY'S MUSICAL RIDE

THE MUSICAL RIDE OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY IN THE HOME PARK, WITH WINDSOR CASTLE AS BACKDROP TO THE SCENE: This was the big moment of pageantry at the Royal Windsor Horse Show, which opened on Thursday of last week in brilliant sunshine. Such was the standard of equitation it was hard to believe that many of the soldiers in this musical ride had less than a year's service with the Colours. A welcome innovation at the Show this year was the class for polo ponies shown by riders in polo kit and carrying polo sticks, an indication perhaps of the present recovery of the popularity of polo in England. There were twenty ponies on view, many of them of international class

OVER [illegible] STICKS WITH RUSTY XIII: Miss Pamela Talbot, of Leighton Buzzard, taking an obstacle in the Ladies' Open Jumping event at Royal Windsor Horse Show in Home Park

VICTORY PARADE: With the winner's rosette in her mouth, Mrs. S. Butcher rides round the ring on Hollyport after being awarded the verdict in the Ladies' Hunter Class

THE "VERY FORWARD" SEAT EXEMPLIFIED BY MISS EDGAR: She rode Farmer's Glory in the Ladies' Open Jumping event. Farmer's Glory took it all calmly, but there were faults in his final round

T. S. ELIOT'S VERSE-COMEDY "THE COCKTAIL PARTY," AT THE NEW THEATRE: The play was first produced at the Edinburgh Festival last August and, later, in Brighton. No West End theatre being available, the original company went to New York, where they opened in January. London audiences can now see it with a new company, only Donald Houston remaining from the original cast. Left to right are: Alison Leggatt, Robin Bailey, Rex Harrison, Donald Houston, Gladys Boot, and Ian Hunter

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

T. S. Eliot's Play in London and New York

T. S. Eliot's new play opens with a cocktail party given by a man and his wife who has just left him. He tries to put off the guests, but five he cannot contact in time. These are the "mysterious stranger"—in ordinary life a Harley Street psychiatrist—and his two "guardians"; a young man just making his way in the film world; and the girl he loves and who, in turn, is the mistress of the husband. The "guardians" are, outwardly, a tedious old woman and a young man "who knows everybody." The stranger stays on after the others have gone, to give his host advice and to drink his gin. The important scene of the play comes when the psychiatrist sees first the husband and wife and, later, the beautiful girl whom the husband thought he loved. He has now discovered that he is incapable of loving. The psychiatrist extracts from the wife that she is incapable of being loved, and suggests to them that their deficiencies can be common ground for reconciliation. Next for treatment comes the girl who has been having an ineffectual love affaire with the husband. She is of sterner stuff, and takes the psychiatrist's advice to lead a useful life. She joins a nursing order, goes off to a tropic island and is finally crucified "very near an ant hill" by the heathen natives. This fact is revealed in the last scene, two years later, when the psychiatrist drops in again to start a general discussion.

"THE COCKTAIL PARTY" AT THE HENRY MILLER THEATRE: Alec Guinness as the psychiatrist (played in London by Rex Harrison); Cathleen Nesbitt; Ernest Clark; Eileen Peel; Robert Flemyng; and Grey Blake (seated)

ALEC GUINNESS AND IRENE WORTH IN THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION: Irene Worth plays the part of the social butterfly, who joins a nursing order under the guidance of the psychiatrist, and who dies a martyr's death among heathen savages. In London the part is taken by Margaret Leighton

THE PSYCHIATRIST REPAIRS A BROKEN MARRIAGE: Eileen Peel, Alec Guinness and Robert Flemyng in the scene in which the psychiatrist reconciles the woman incapable of being loved with her husband who is incapable of loving

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

ROSE MACAULAY'S FIRST FOR TEN YEARS

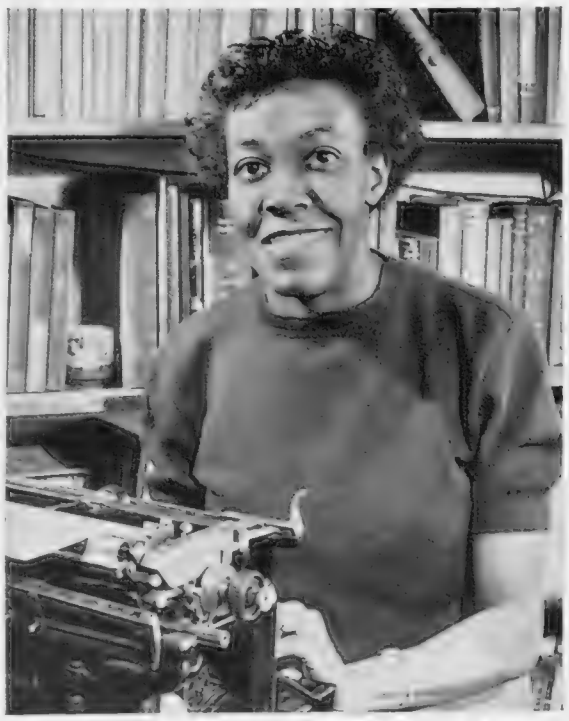
"The World My Wilderness," Lives up to Her Own Brilliantly High Standard

THE honours are fairly evenly divided this week between the novels and the books of general or eclectic interest, with good things in both categories. First, there is Miss Rose Macaulay's novel, THE WORLD MY WILDERNESS (Collins. 8s. 6d.), her first for ten years and brilliantly up to her own high standard. When a writer of this reputation plans a novel it is liable to be both of two things: it will be admirably planned and it will be more than welcome to a discriminating and wide public. Miss Macaulay writes here of a girl whose divorced parents live in two different worlds and two different mental climates. Her mother is a beautiful, lazy, indifferent and over-amiable woman who lives near the Spanish-Mediterranean border in France; her father, a very successful barrister, lives in London in his cool, ascetic, ordered way. Both parents have intelligence in common, and both have remarried. The girl passes unhappily from one to the other. A rare novel, and a witty and compassionate one.

Mr. Bruce Marshall's EVERY MAN A PENNY (Constable. 12s. 6d.) has great compassion too, but he writes in a much less detached, much more emotional vein, and his mood, although worldly, has the worldliness of a restaurant keeper, compared with Miss Macaulay's worldliness, which is of the sophisticated *savant*. This book is of a little, ugly priest in Paris from 1914 to the present day, and it is also a book about Paris itself, and the French, whom the author may be said to understand with rare penetration from his own life there between wars. The *abbé* is frail and very human; he serves, as his fraternity did, in the First World War, and would have served in the second if they had accepted him for active service. He has a beautiful pity for the unfortunate, which is often used against him, and he is as fond of a good steak and a bottle of red wine as the next man, when he can afford it. Not since *Yellow Tapers for Paris* has this writer achieved anything as satisfying as this.

Mr. Geoffrey Household's new novel, THE HIGH PLACE (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.), on the other hand, is disappointing in its theme, which is, to put it baldly, difficult to believe. The principal character is an Englishman, who, exasperated by his experiences as a Justice of the Peace in his town, decides to go back to the other country which holds his interest and affection. In Syria, in the seaport of Tripoli, he works as a trader in the post-war years until a mysterious, gaunt and elegant woman comes to his warehouse to inquire about the latest types of cultivators. Through her and his subsequent love for her, he becomes embroiled with a strange community of what might be described as voluntarily displaced persons. Their objects are political and, briefly stated, are the destruction of the modern industrial States and the establishment of the worth of the individual. It is difficult for the reader to see, and apparently impossible for the author to explain, how they hope to accomplish the first while respecting the second objective, and on that the story falls down. There are ideas here certainly and some good writing, but if the plot is not to be credible, then the characters should interest one, and there is here not even the active revulsion most of us feel from Communism.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW (Cassell. 9s. 6d.) has fewer intellectual pretensions, but is a better story. The hand that writes it is certainly more practised, for this is Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart's, and it is her first novel after a very long interval indeed. She writes of an American family who are expecting their son back to his New York home in 1919, and who have to face, with his very young wife, all the shocks and problems of readjustment. With difficulty and with a good deal of ordinary, human, year-to-year wear and tear, they weather these and achieve a number of loving compromises, even surviving the stock market crash of 1929. Then comes war again, and another son and grandson, who must go overseas and for whom they must wait through even longer years till he, too, comes back. The pattern may be a little too exact, but the telling is masterly and warmly human.



THE FIRST NEGRO WOMAN TO WIN A PULITZER PRIZE: Gwendoline Brooks, a thirty-two-year-old part-time secretary, who has been awarded the Pulitzer prize in Poetry for "Annie Allen," a ballad of Chicago Negro-life. She is the wife of Henry Blakely, partner in an auto-repair shop, and she is mother of a nine-year-old boy. Fourteen Pulitzer Prizes in the fields of journalism, letters and music were announced by General Dwight D. Eisenhower, President of Columbia University. The awards are made annually by the trustees of the University on recommendation of the Advisory Board of the Graduate School of Journalism. The individual awards carry cash prizes of 500 dollars each, while an award to an American newspaper for the most disinterested and meritorious public service is in the form of a gold medal. This year the medal was won by two newspapers, the *Chicago Daily News* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, for articles exposing the presence of Illinois newspaper men on State pay rolls

Rose Thurburn's novel is of guerilla warfare and political intrigues, the first on most counts cleaner than the second. Two great nations are at war, and one of them, the Republic, needs for its military ends the services of a certain guerilla leader fighting—or, as that sinister word has it, operating—in enemy territory. They send a Republican envoy to him, and he succeeds in getting the man's support by promising him something he knows can never be fulfilled. THE WILDERNESS IS YOURS (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is intentionally a bitter book, but it has its moments of ordinary, heart-warming sympathy, and it is throughout written with a tension that commands respect, if not liking.

SINNERS COME AWAY (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is a first novel by Mr. Leon Wilson, and its subject is a gaol in Tennessee, where the white men fare even worse than the coloured because, while the Negroes are allowed to work about the place, the whites must sit with absolutely nothing to do, day after day, while they await trial or delayed sentence, acquittal or probation, or the penitentiary, where at least they will be given work to do and a trade to learn. It is a novel about boredom which is as far from boring in itself as you could imagine.

Mr. Chester Himes has written a thoughtful, and in parts a tragic, novel about his own people, the Negroes of the Los Angeles district, in LONELY CRUSADE (Falcon Press. 12s. 6d.). His principal character is a young and clever coloured man who works in a Californian aircraft factory during the recent war. He is a Union organiser and, on the surface, his life is not too hard. His victimisation even is not exceptional, and it is mostly within himself and in his growing consciousness of the problem of being a Negro in America, that his unhappiness lies.

FREE AMONG THE DEAD (Harvill. 9s. 6d.) is a difficult book to describe and not the easiest book in the world to read. The novel has been translated from the German of Alfred Marnau, a young writer of whom Mr. Gerard Hopkins, in a brief foreword, says: "Because our sensibilities have been blunted by the recurrent horrors of the modern world, only a poet can move us still to feelings of compassion, outrage and terror." That is a debatable point, but there is no doubt that in this strange, sometimes ecstatic, sometimes pedestrian novel there are moments that are genuinely affecting.

Of the detective novels this week there is one that I found to have the authentic suspense and quickened interest that are essential in this kind of work, and that was Mr. Herbert Brean's THE DARKER THE NIGHT (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), a thriller based on the unusual and horrible crime of defenestration. It is sharply written and quick-moving, and the author has even contrived some humour to point up his grim theme.

To move to less horrific moods there are the COLLECTED IMPRESSIONS (Longmans. 16s.) of Miss Elizabeth Bowen, and these include essays for the most part, prefaces, studies and reviews, a broadcast and numerous disquisitions on the novel. Of these latter, I would recommend to you the pages on Miss I. Compton Burnett's work, on the late Mrs. Virginia Woolf's, and on Mr. E. M. Forster's all too few writings. Miss Bowen is, as we know, herself a novelist of distinction, but she is also a critic of extraordinary taste and perception. The varied subjects that she discusses here have been chosen with a catholic scope, but in treatment they all have in common the exquisite and balanced talent that is brought to their examination, even to their illumination.

Mr. S. L. Bensusan has given us a delightful chronicle of a countryman's year, but since he is a very exceptional countryman, and one who heeds Marcus Aurelius's dictum that one should "ever remember that a happy life does not depend on many things," his book QUIET EVENING (Blandford. 10s. 6d.) is also an exceptional pleasure to read, and to keep by one, for its wisdom and humour.

AN ICONOCLAST LET LOOSE

Europe's Leaders in the Pillory

Two authors with a sense of history, who both have the ability to discuss modern Russia and Germany with a measure of detachment from the ruling political passions of the day, are Professor A. J. P. Taylor, Fellow of Magdalen, and Mr. Basil Davidson, commentator on Foreign Affairs in *The New Statesman and Nation*. Professor Taylor's new book FROM NAPOLEON TO STALIN (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is a most engaging historical frolic which has quite obviously given its author an immensity of pleasure in compiling. Taking as his theme the nations' vain search for stability through a century-and-a-half of social unrest and demagogic upheaval, the author writes a series of essays which range far and wide across the European scene and in the course of which he embarks upon a whole host of individual and occasionally sweeping assessments. Napoleon, we are left with the impression, was nothing more than a monster exhibitionist for ever playing a role. This man, "who began as a romantic figure in the spirit of Rousseau and ended as an abstraction from Plutarch," never had any clear idea of what he was doing, if we are to believe Professor Taylor, and he asserts that Marengo was as much a gamble as Waterloo. Otto von Bismarck is revealed as a nervous and highly-strung character, often given to hysterical weeping and racked with sleeplessness. He was as deceptive in policy as in personality, for while he preached "blood and iron," the essayist pictures him as an apostle of peace. Coming to recent times, Professor Taylor devotes a separate chapter to Bonnet, "the scapegoat for Munich," and to General Gamelin, the soldier whose army "suffered the greatest disaster in history since the Battle of Jena." By contrast, Hitler and Mussolini, "the supermen," are dealt with in five trenchant pages, concluding with the judgment that "They were a very nasty and ridiculous pair."

Finally there are Stalin, "the Eastern idol of solid steel," and Tito, the orthodox Communist who broke with Moscow over the question of personal power and authority, not over doctrine. The cheerfully iconoclastic professor makes it clear that having these two at loggerheads is a healthy thing for the world, but cannot resist a final "dig" to the effect that it would be a good thing if London treated Washington as Belgrade treats Moscow.

Less wayward in its judgments, and more important as a political commentary, is Basil Davidson's GERMANY WHAT NOW? (Frederick Muller. 12s. 6d.), a survey of events from the Potsdam meeting of 1945 to the partition of 1949 and the establishment of the West German Federal Republic at Bonn. In understanding the events that are now being shaped in Europe, and which were under the searchlight of Three-Power discussion at Lancaster House last week, Mr. Davidson's book can be of ready assistance. Dr. Adenauer, to whom France has made the most cordial advances in the matter of a coal-and-steel pact, and whom the Western European Powers, with American approval, would apparently welcome as "a comrade in arms," is shown as the head of a far from savoury combination of parties. This hard-hitting writer makes the dangers of neo-Fascism abundantly plain, and if his views lie too far to the left for wholesale acceptance, his well-marshalled facts none the less command respect and attention.

Michael Robertson went to America full of curiosity and boundless enthusiasm, eager to see everything and, above all, realising that the vastness of the country, the complex origins of its people, permit of no easy generalisations, no swift summing-up. Mr. Robertson's account of his journeyings BEYOND THE SUNSET (Falcon Press. 10s. 6d.), is at once modest, straightforward and readable. He remained an enthusiast to the end, looking behind the turmoil and the hurry of New York, the cosmopolitan artificiality of Hollywood, and finding much that was pleasurable and a great deal to admire, not least a national gift for hospitality

Marghanita Laski has carried out a most welcome piece of literary research in producing the latest volume in "The English Novelists" Series, which bears the massive title MRS. EWING, MRS. MOLESWORTH AND MRS. HODGSON BURNETT (Arthur Barker. 6s.). These three ladies, whose books were read with such avidity, have been surprisingly neglected both in criticism and reminiscences. Juliana Horatia Ewing (1841-85), who wrote *Jackanapes*; Mary Molesworth (1839-1921), author of *The Adventures of Herr Baby*, and Frances Eliza Hodgson Burnett (1849-1924), whose *Little Lord Fauntleroy* achieved fame as a book and a play, belong to what Mrs. Laski calls the Golden Age of children's literature, before there set in the "vast orgy of whimsicality" we know to-day. Under this talented trio the didactic domestic story indeed reached its height.

Eric Partridge, well versed in the uses and abuses of English, is the author of HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE (Hamish Hamilton. 8s. 6d.), a new series of essays on language. The chapter on the nonsense words of Lear and Carroll is fascinating, in fact quite ombliferous.

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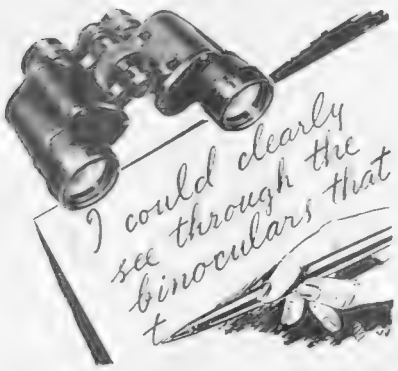

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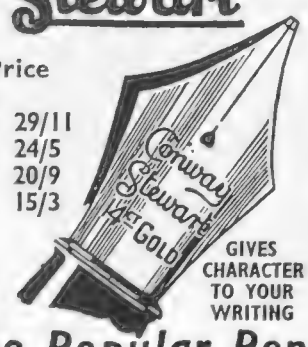

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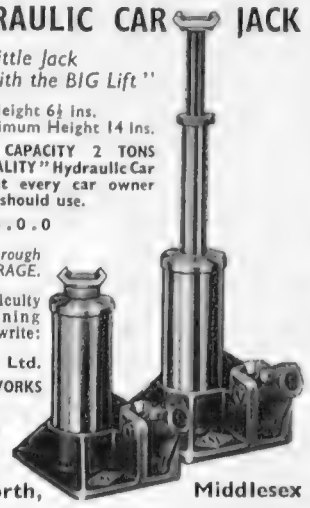

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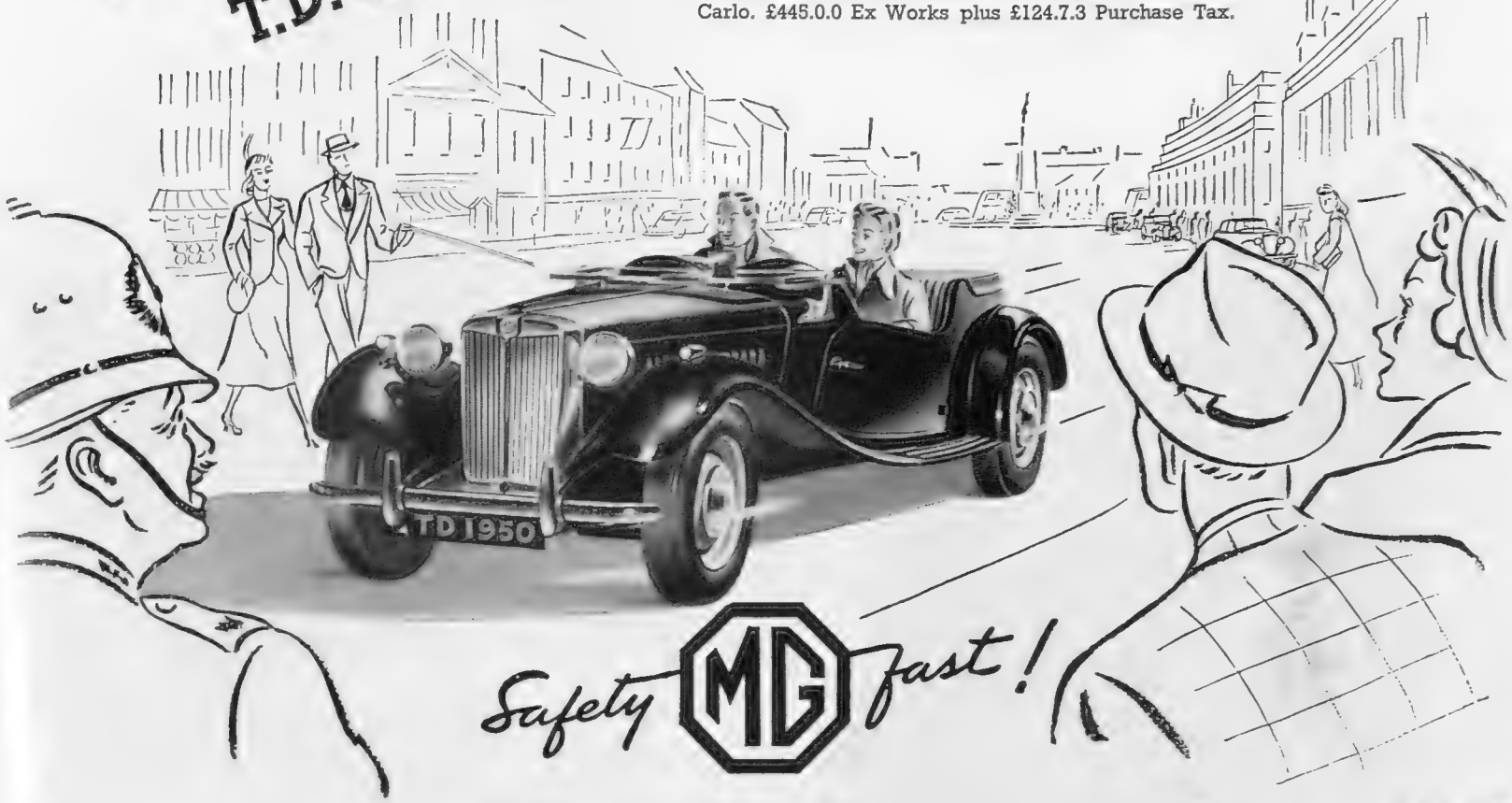

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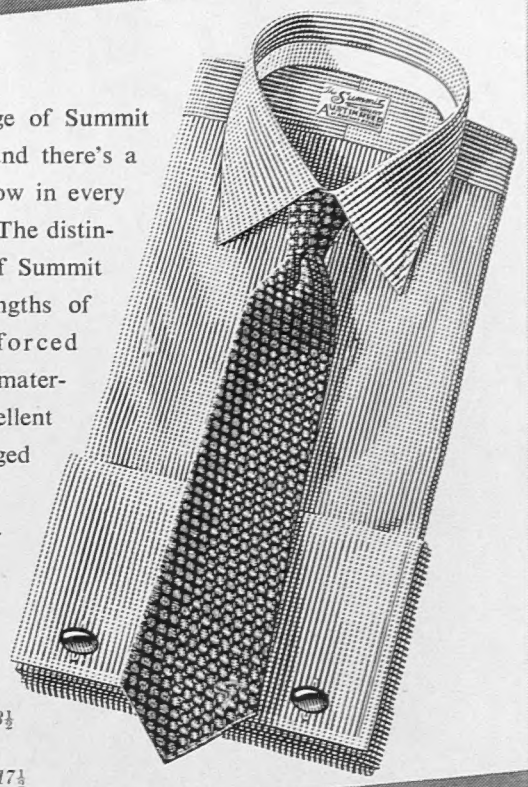

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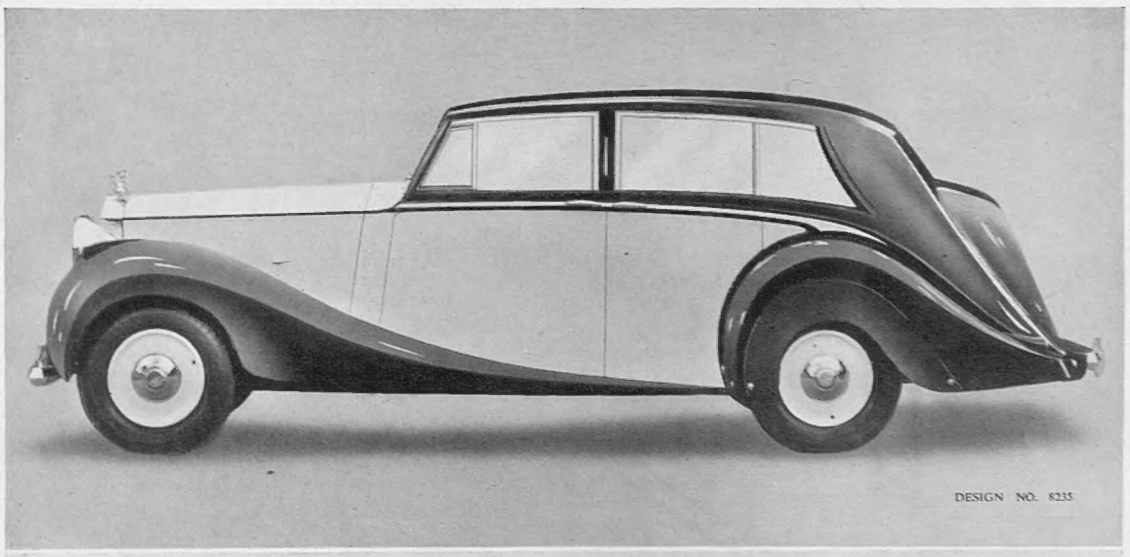
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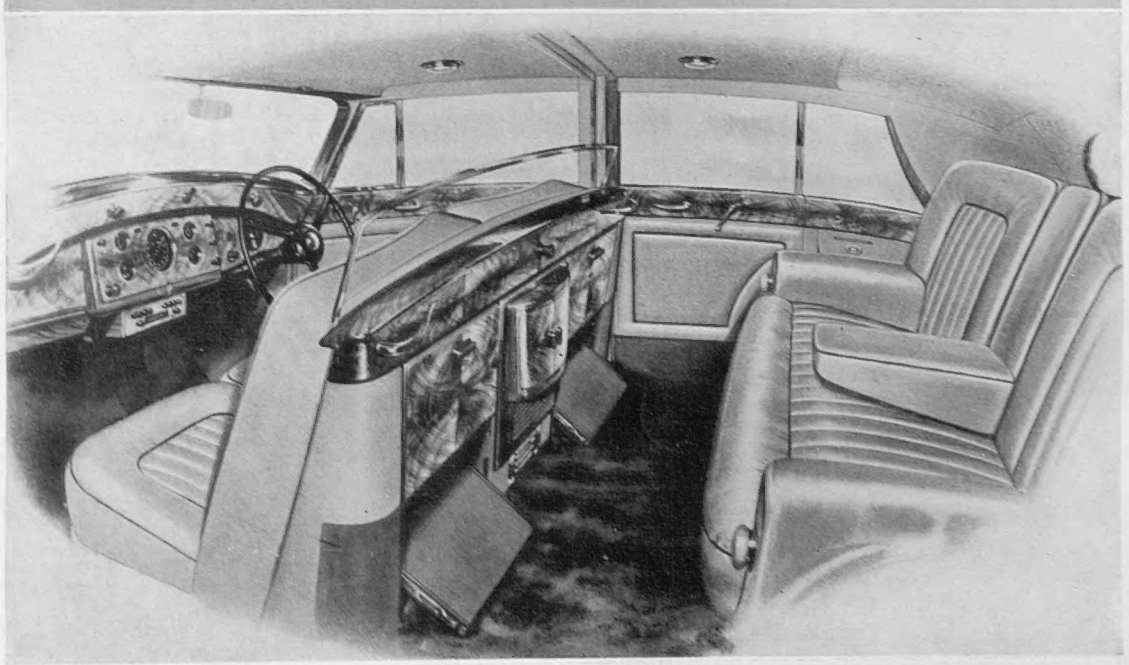

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE report issued by the Hotels Division of the British Tourist and Holiday Board on "Holiday Service in Great Britain" was of particular interest to me, and as one of the biggest "users" of British Hotels, I endorse many of their findings.

But, as I have written before, and will doubtless write again, there is a plentiful sprinkling of good hotels throughout the British Isles, which need not fear the probing eye of criticism. Our overseas friends are unlikely to visit a number of them, for they are off the beaten track. But there are many which are on the high-road of travellers, and which are a credit to British Hotels as a whole. Take, for example, our cathedral towns; Exeter and its *Royal Clarence Hotel*, where there will be found a fine blending of old and new. Americans, in particular, are charmed with its character, its comfort and its cuisine. *The White Hart*, at Lincoln, is another quite outstanding county hotel; much of the furniture is of the Adam and Sheraton period, and upstairs one experiences a luxurious feeling of contentment.

Only a few weeks back I was in another county town—Bedford. Here, at the *Bridge Hotel*, I found air-conditioned lounges and dining-room, telephone service in every bedroom, and for the family man in course of transit, cots were available for the tots, and baskets for the dogs.

Chester has a fine hotel in *The Grosvenor*—substantial in its structure, solid in its comfort. Here you will find a standard of British service which one never experiences abroad.

But cathedral towns have not a monopoly of good hotels. I would like to direct all overseas visitors to the *Commodore Hotel* at Llandrindod Wells; the bedrooms must be seen to be believed . . . each has its individual decoration and colour scheme, designed as a practical aid to comfortable living. Here, under the enthusiastic and keen eye of Mr. J. F. Ritchie, you will find superb cooking and presentation. Quite a model hotel, and in the heart of Wales.

Nor can I conclude without a word for the *Lygon Arms* at Broadway, where for nearly half-a-century the Russell family have lavished infinite thought and care upon this lovely inn.

Further to my recent suggestions on June holidays, I would like to mention the Lake District and Scotland. When I visit the Lake District this year, I shall make the *Keswick Hotel* (where a car can be hired) my headquarters.

With regard to Scotland, let me make but three suggestions for those who are looking for somewhere off the beaten track. First, a seaside June holiday at the *Paul Jones Hotel*, Southerness-on-Solway; here there is a good golf-course, golden sands and Scottish fare to appease holiday appetites. Much the same remarks apply to *Raemoir*, a small luxury hotel at Banchory, along Deeside, where you will find a friendly country-house environment, and for those who place Riding among their holiday "musts" there are riding stables. And, thirdly, there is the *Ballachulish Hotel*, Ballachulish, on the shores of Loch Leven—a wonderful centre for Fort William, Ben Nevis and her satellites.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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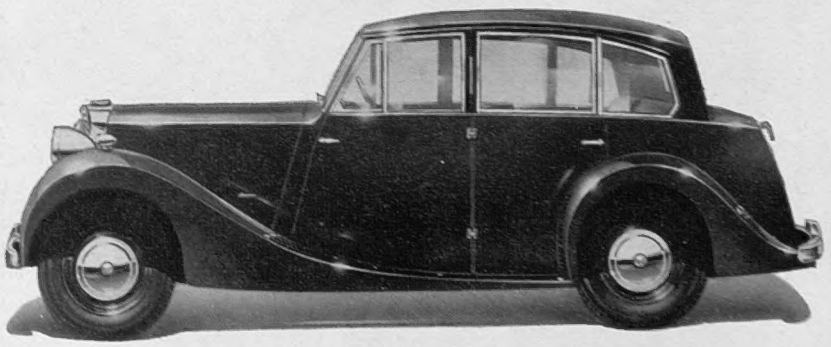

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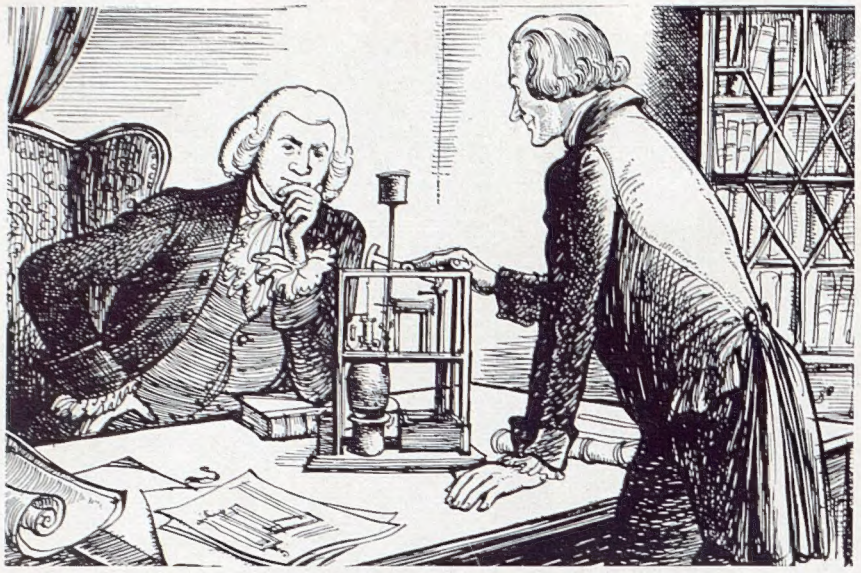

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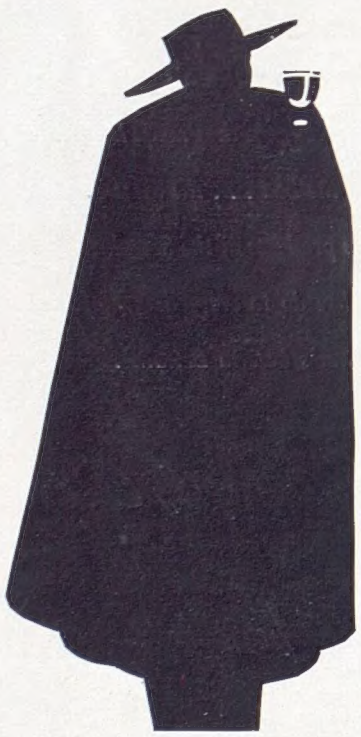

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